THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Exit Czecho-Slovakia

Czecho-Slovakia is gone. Just one year after he marched into Austria, Hitler decided to permit the "independence" of Slovakia, and his will is law in Central Europe. What was last September a well armed republic now becomes three areas, Bohemia, Slovakia and Ruthenia (henceforth called the Carpatho-Ukraine), all under German domination. France and England have stood by and seen the completion of the destruction they began at Munich; they say their pledge to preserve Czecho-Slovakian territorial integrity is not binding because it was not ratified by the other powers. Actually, they had not the will to oppose Hitler even if they had the strength. That the former Czecho-Slovakia can continue to exist in its present state is unlikely; only a few hours after the independence of Slovakia, there were signs that Poland and Hungary were reviving their project for a common frontier, to be achieved at the expense of the Slovaks and Ruthenians. The fruits of Munich are not yet all harvested, by a long way.

The Last Hours of Spain

The popular revolt in Spain that immediately followed the coup of General Casado and Juan Besteiro was much more widespread than at first appeared. Every day for a week the headlines said the revolt had finally been suppressed—and then the next day the headlines said the same thing again. It isn't possible even now to know how many men revolted or how broad a section of the civilian population supported them. But from the present scanty news it appears that at least two army corps, the First and the Second, took part in the Madrid uprising and that the revolt was general throughout the country. Since the troops that revolted knew they were faced with an almost hopeless fight on two fronts, such a comparatively large rising indicates a widespread feeling against the junta's policy of surrender. And the fact that the fighting continued so long is a bitter proof of Negrín's declaration that the Spanish people are still determined to resist. It also makes clear that all the troops were not Communists. The junta is simply trying to smear all those opposed to it. The army built on the old Communist Fifth Regiment was, as a matter of fact, in Catalonia.

Two questions are being asked about the struggle in Loyalist Spain. First, does it show that the Spanish republic might have fallen apart even if it had been victorious? The answer is that victories tend to hold a country together while disasters split it apart; Czecho-Slovakia is an obvious example. And the issue that divided the Spanish Loyalists was precisely whether they should surrender. The second question concerns the new Madrid junta. Are its leaders sincere and patriotic or have they been acting as traitors? Here the answer is more difficult because it concerns human motives. General Casado and many of his colleagues may well be acting on the conviction that it is time to end the bloodshed at all costs. This is a time in Spain when

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honest men may be confused—with the result that traitors slip in among them. It is pretty certain that secret agents—British and French—played their part in Casado's seizure of the government.

Labor Can Get Together

We are not at all sure that American labor will not in the end come round to the proposal offered by John L. Lewis at the beginning of the CIO-AF of L peace conference, and contemptuously rejected by spokesmen for the American Federation of Labor. A single labor movement comprising the AF of L, the CIO and the railroad brotherhoods is certainly much to be desired. Since the way to get together is to get together, Mr. Lewis' suggestion that the two main factions, having approximately equal memberships, send equal delegations to the organizing convention, with the railroad men proportionately represented and holding the balance of power, seems practical and generous. Within such an organization the relatively few jurisdictional disputes could subsequently be worked out.

Meanwhile the CIO conferees have shown their good faith by consenting to go back and reëxamine the last offer of the AF of L in the previous conferences that failed. According to this offer, the original CIO unions would come back into the Federation, while the new unions that the CIO has organized would be kept out until any jurisdictional disputes between them and the AF of L affiliates had been settled. The obvious trouble with this proposal is that it would leave the final authority in adjusting these disputes in the hands of a body in which the millions of new CIO union members would not be represented. But the two main proposals considered at the beginning are not the only possible methods. Mr. A. F. Whitney of the Railroad Trainmen has offered another good one. Peace can certainly be achieved, if the AF of L diehards will permit it on any basis but their own dictatorship.

Labor Board and Craft Unions

No doubt everybody thinks that the National Labor Relations Board is favorable to the CIO and industrial unionism, because the AF of L has been attacking it and wants some drastic amendments to the law under which it operates. Yet the figures show that out of nearly 300 cases in which separate craft representation has been demanded, the Board has either ruled in favor of the separate units or has called for an election to decide the issue. It has refused to do either only in cases where the craft union showed few members or none, or where unusual technicalities were involved.

What is perhaps bothering the A F of L high moguls is the fact that in more than two-thirds of the disputes of this kind, AF of L organizations themselves have expressed a preference for industrial rather than craft units. It looks as if Messrs. Green, Hutcheson *et al.* rank and file to retain the craft form whether they want it or not.

We Check on Steel Wages

Please bear with us while we talk for a moment about the annual report of the U. S. Steel Corporation. It is full of dull figures, but some of them arouse a keen interest if we remember the hullabaloo about the reduction of steel prices last June. At that time all the financial wiseacres said that wages would have to be reduced too, if the steel companies were to make any profit. But in consequence of negotiations with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, wages were not cut. Now we have the record showing what really happened. Finished steel prices in the fourth quarter of 1938 were $5.29 a ton less than in the fourth quarter of 1937. Yet U. S. Steel received a profit of $2.15 a ton in the fourth quarter of 1938 as compared with $2.18 a ton in the same period of 1937—almost exactly the same.

Why did this happen? The New Republic, in arguing that steel wages need not be reduced, pointed out at the time that labor cost would go down rapidly merely as a consequence of larger production; idle capacity always means high cost. In the last three months of 1938, U. S. Steel operated at 44.6 percent of capacity as against 41.3 percent in the same period of 1937. That accounts for part of the saving, but not all. The New Republic also pointed out that increased productive efficiency would justify lower prices without wage reductions. In the fourth quarter of 1938 the output of U. S. Steel per employee was 9.84 tons as against 7.34 tons in 1937—a gain of 34 percent. It looks as if still further reductions could be made without affecting either profits or wages.

Senator Byrne's Cute Plan

The closer we get to the public-works bill introduced by Senator James F. Byrnes, the worse it smells. Some of the odoriferous facts are set forth by Samuel Grafton in his article beginning on page 186 of this issue. A point that needs underlining is Mr. Grafton's statement that the Byrnes proposal would abolish all cultural, educational and recreational projects of the WPA, and would dismiss, on July 1, the 750,000 people engaged on these projects. Jacob Baker, president of the United Federal Workers of America, points out that these workers with their dependents constitute between two and three million people. Senator Byrnes's bill makes no provision for them nor does any other pending legislation. These distressed citizens, who include thousands of writers, artists, musicians, theatrical workers, research scientists and other intellectuals, would be left to the completely inadequate resources of the dole, or to starve. Their projects, which have had great value (the list has been itemized in our pages half a dozen times), would be chopped off in a day

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to rush the Byrnes bill through, catching Congress and the country unawares; and it looks, also, as though some economy-hounds among newspaper owners were helping the conspiracy by refusing to discuss the bill.

The Anti-Dictator Axis

Mr. Roosevelt's Latin American policy marches forward. Brazil is now supposed to be our best friend below the equator, and we are going far out of our way to make a public demonstration of esteem—a political demonstration intended primarily as a gesture of defiance to the Rome-Berlin axis. Some of our sterilized gold is to be used to help the Brazilian banking system; the Export-Import Bank, a government body, is to finance commercial transactions up to $50,000,000; Brazil will go back to growing rubber, for our benefit, and she promises not to pass legislation discriminating against foreign investors. She will also resume service on her debt to us—with our own money!—and Washington, at any rate, believes she will do less barter trade with Germany. In addition, Congress is asked to agree that the United States shall sell naval vessels, arms and ammunition to the Latin American republics, and reveal to them new weapons heretofore kept secret. All this constitutes a bold, daring and aggressive policy by the President—a policy whose implications are recognized in Rome and Berlin, if not here at home. This sort of thing can protect us against Nazi penetration in South America. But can it protect Brazilian democracy against the existing Vargas dictatorship?

Pressure on The Yorkshire Post

The Yorkshire Post, as Kingsley Martin notes in his article in this issue, is one of two important English papers maintaining a wide degree of editorial independence (the other is The Manchester Guardian). Thus the stories that float across the seas to us are particularly disturbing. It is said that attempts are being made to bully The Post out of its critical attitude toward the National Government. Lord Bingley, one of its stockholders, just happens to be a relative by marriage of Lord Halifax, Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary. The Post has gained great reputation as the principal conservative critic of Munichism. If its editor yields to pressure from a group of stockholders, that would mean the end of the next-to-last independent daily south of the Scottish border.

For the Spanish Refugees

Two weeks ago we appealed for money to help the Spanish intellectuals in French concentration camps. The League of American Writers tells us that our readers contributed $719 during the first ten days after the appeal was printed. One contribution came in a letter signed by "An Englishman-in-the-street." He said: "I am so heartily ashamed of my country that I can hardly publicly for peace. . . . In February Great Britain and Edens, the Baldwins in England, and the Bonnets, the Flandins, the Blums, the Daladiers in France, have done their worst, whatever their motives may have been, for the ordinary people of Europe and the world." Together with about $2,000 from other sources, the money was cabled to France, where it has effected the release of many Spanish writers, artists and teachers. Hundreds are still in the camps, and money is being raised for them by a new committee endorsed by the League—Spanish Intellectual Aid, at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

There remains the pressing problem of the Spanish refugees in general, to the number of about 400,000. A broad campaign to help them is being started by the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, which has already cabled $12,000. Why doesn't the Red Cross get busy, with the dollars we contribute each Christmas?

Shakespeare Answers Back

On one of his famous and fatal airplane rides to Germany, Mr. Chamberlain quoted Shakespeare: "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety." It was not until a long time later that anybody looked up the quotation to see what came immediately after it. The line about the nettle and the flower occurs in "Henry the Fourth," First Part, Act II, Scene 3. It is spoken by Harry Hotspur, just before embarking on his futile rebellion. In the next few lines Hotspur and Chamberlain are answered. Here is Shakespeare's warning to them both: "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."

These Are on Us

In our editorial "Will Britain Go Broke?" in the issue of March 1 there were two misstatements. Though the meaning was clear enough, we erred in saying that "sterling has been selling . . . at around 148 shillings." Of course we meant that gold was selling, in terms of sterling, at 148 shillings. We referred to the possibility of the "devaluation of gold," where we should have said the "devaluation of the pound"—by letting the price of gold rise.

News Notes of a Week

Jews—some reports said several thousands—wandered in the Alpine passes trying to get into France after Mussolini ordered all foreign Jews out of Italy. . . . The Anti-Nazi Literature Committee reported that ten Protestant ministers have recently been forbidden to leave the country, thirty-five forbidden to live in Berlin, forty forbidden to do any writing and fifty-four exiled from their communities because they prayed

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military and commercial planes valued at more than $12,000,000.

William Randolph Hearst was estimated to have lost $500,000 in the four-months-old Newspaper Guild strike of his Chicago newspapers. Nearly 500 advertisers have withdrawn in all 1,283,060 lines from the papers.... Representative Martin Dies introduced three anti-witch bills, one to compel registration of the groups he doesn't like, another to forbid the employment of Communists and Fascists by the government and a third to provide for deportation of Communist and Fascist aliens.... A California mountain had wandered nearly two miles in a week and was overlooking a highway. Looking for Mahomet of course.

Will America Save Europe?

On the eve of Germany's new aggression in moving to detach Slovakia from the remaining part of the Czech republic, the foreign news was full of hopeful undertones. The predicted mobilization and war scare had not yet begun. Mussolini had failed to press his grievances against France, or Hitler his demands for colonies. Britain and France were catching up on their armament program; now they were not likely to be so scared as last September. President Roosevelt, with the apparent support of a large body of American opinion, had indicated the intention to support the western democracies if they became involved in war. All this was thought to have given pause to the Axis dictators. In addition, affairs in their own countries were not going too well. Economic difficulties had at last slackened the pace of rearmament, and had begun to result in subterranean rumblings at the existing and increasing hardship—very low rumblings to be sure. Finally, the Chamberlain government, through Lord Halifax, suggested a general conference of the five great European powers—including, for the first time in many months, the Soviet Union—to settle their differences and talk about disarmament.

All this gives us the impression of a very nebular formation in a very large chaos. It might conceivably, to be sure, develop a nucleus and grow into a system of order and peace. Many of the separate constituents in the picture contain a degree of truth. But there is still a large chance that the whole evanescent constellation will spring apart. Hitler and Mussolini are as far from being "appeased" as ever; they have been too successful in the game of bluster to give it up without a struggle. Their leading ideas are fixed. Whatever their difficulties, and however much stronger their opponents have become, they have just won in Spain the victory on which they have hoped to base their next threat. The Nazi-inspired Slovak independence movement shows that Hitler's policy of penetration in mation will give him another large part of the open road to the Ukraine which he has been seeking. The sudden rapprochement between the western democracies and the Soviet Union is still far from a firm basis for coöperation. The prospect of a five-power conference, meeting without a much more specific preparation, does not look practical or even enticing.

It seems to us that Stalin, in his address to the All-Russian Communist Congress, pointed to some facts in the recent past which are not at all reassuring, facts often discussed in our pages. The western European "democracies" by the policy of appeasement have given way at a number of vital points, and nobody can say that the end is yet in sight. At Munich the Soviet Union was isolated. The evident intention of the British conservatives was to give Hitler a free hand in the east, hoping that his ambitions there would keep him busy enough so that he would not move in the west. They would not be averse even to a war between Germany and the Soviet Union—which they hope would be a war to exhaustion on the principle of the old American story, "go it, husband; go it, bear." But, according to Stalin, the Soviet Union is not going to play that game. It will powerfully resist all aggression, but it will avoid a single-handed war with all its ingenuity. Hitler is likely to meet such obstacles in the east that he will turn west, where the policy of appeasement still reigns. And if he fights the capitalist democracies for imperial spoils, the Soviet Union apparently will take some satisfaction in the fact that the tables are turned upon Russia's enemies in London and Paris.

Stalin's taunts are not to be taken too literally; they doubtless were uttered partly for diplomatic effect. Doubtless he would welcome a renewal of friendship with Hitler's enemies in the west, based upon a real program for resisting aggression. Nevertheless we believe there is a likelihood that if, without outlining such a program and making an agreement with the Soviet Union, France and Britain should be forced into a war on colonial issues solely, Russia might stand aside. If Hitler and Mussolini count on this, they will certainly be encouraged to see what more they can get by threats of war in the west. At any rate, as long as they can keep their potential enemies apart by making each believe that he is safe because of totalitarian threats in the other direction they will not refrain from further aggression.

Meanwhile the United States is being urged to play a more active part in Europe. The President, the Department of State and Senator Pittman as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee have started a drive to amend the Neutrality Act so that we can export to those belligerents that we favor not merely food and supplies but munitions, while refusing to sell anything to aggressors. On the other hand, a prominent group of Senators headed by Senator La Follette are not only

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Ludlow amendment to the Constitution, according to which, in its new form, Congress cannot declare war without a popular referendum, except in case of attack on the Americas. The administration is fighting this amendment for the obvious reason that it would create difficulties for an American foreign policy backed by tacit threats of war in Europe or Asia.

Popular opinion on this question has changed rapidly from the isolationist position in recent months, though not yet supporting active participation in a European war. According to a recent Gallup poll, 76 percent would want to sell Britain and France food supplies—an activity permitted under the existing Neutrality Act. A bare majority—52 percent—would sell them airplanes and other war material. Yet only 17 percent favor sending our army and navy abroad to help England and France. A small majority still supports the war-referendum amendment, although this majority has shrunk since the amendment was first proposed. It is evident that while the people still do not want a war, they do want to take the steps which almost inevitably would lead us into it.

But the war we should get into would be a war made by others on their own terms. What would Chamberlain and Daladier be fighting for? Nobody now knows. What would be the nature of the peace, if they won? Again, nobody knows. If we intend to back certain partisans in European affairs, why don't we have a say in the policies they adopt before the war breaks out? Why should we help pay the piper without calling the tune? Chamberlain and Daladier betrayed democracy in Czecho-Slovakia and Spain. They made a war much more likely by disregarding their own collective security and encouraging fascism. Yet here we are preparing with might and main to back them up if they fight, no matter what they fight for. It seems to us that President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull and Senator Pittman are acting as if the United States were part of the British Empire—and not an autonomous dominion at that, but merely a Crown colony.

We can imagine a proposal to Hitler and Mussolini that might offer Europe a chance of peace. It would have to do with colonies and trade and disarmament. But such a proposal would have to be made, after full consideration, by all the great democracies and the Soviet Union. It would have to be inclusive and definitive, rather than merely an elastic "appeasement." It could not be based on defense of colonial possessions, but would have to concern itself with democracy and real abandonment of the threat to civilization which the Nazi-Fascist policy embodies. Rejection of such an offer might justify participation by the United States in resisting the "aggressors." Unless such a proposal should be developed, and supported by the American people, it is criminal folly to prepare to join in any war that may come along, or to think that as we become more

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Washington now. We hope no such bargain has been

Back to 1929?

JUST HOW FAR does the administration propose to go in its appeasement policy toward business? Some of the signs and portents in Washington are discussed by Mr. John T. Flynn in his column in this week's issue, but there are others. There is evidence that Wall Street believes it now has the New Deal on the run, and proposes to push its advantage. The brokers met in Washington on March 13 to press the button and start a campaign for revision of the fundamental law regulating their business. They want restrictions on speculation removed so that we can have another 1929 boom; and a good many political figures in Washington agree with them, especially if the boom comes promptly, before 1940, and helps the Democrats to stay in power. Yet if the brokers get their way, important safeguards for the investing public will be removed; if we permit a 1929 boom we also make possible a 1929 crash. Congress in 1934 went into this subject pretty thoroughly and decided that market manipulation and excessive stock trading make for industrial upsets and widespread unemployment. Congress was right then; if it now takes off the controls, it will be wrong; it will be trying to arrange a bull market like those of the Coolidge administration, for the most sordid political reasons.

How does the Securities and Exchange Commission feel about these proposals? For the last few months, until recently, the SEC has been going out of its way to praise the governors of the New York Stock Exchange as wanting to reform and moving in that direction. Yet lately the SEC has indicated that instead of desiring less control of the stock markets, it desires more. Its attitude is based in part on what the Exchange did about the Richard Whitney case. Last December President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, acting as a spokesman for the public on the governing board of the New York Stock Exchange, requested it to proceed against the financial leaders who had known of and concealed Whitney's wrongdoing. The motion was voted down by all Dr. Hutchins' colleagues, including the so-called "reform" element. By this action the Exchange served notice, as a United Press dispatch remarked, "that a stock exchange might find it difficult to discipline an important member."

The Stock Exchange crowd will not be permitted to water down the present law without a fight. There are still some people in the United States who will object to seeing one of the most important reforms of the New Deal destroyed for the sake of a political victory in 1940. We should like to know on which side, in the coming fight, the SEC will be ranged. The Wall Street crowd have been told that they will get clear sailing in

oppose changes in the statute to weaken the safeguards for the investing public. The law needs more and stronger teeth, not fewer and weaker ones.

The "Mein Kampf" Kampf

THE BOOK-TRADE WAR about the rival editions of "Mein Kampf" is as full of partisanship and propaganda as the book itself. Our readers might appreciate as straight a story as we can put together.

First, as to the relative value of the two editions to the reader. The principal difference is that the Reynal and Hitchcock version contains a large number of notes by competent scholars, pointing out the historical settings and comparing Hitler's statements with the facts. Both sell for the same price. Both translations are reasonably adequate; opinions differ as to which is the better. Louis Gannett in The New York Herald Tribune said the Stackpole is a "smoother English rendering"; Alfred Vagts and Miriam Beard in The New Republic wrote that the Stackpole is a shade better because it is less smooth and, so, closer to the original.

Second, as to the moral issue. The American copyright, obtained six years ago under the international copyright law, is owned by Houghton Mifflin. Reynal and Hitchcock have bought the right from Houghton Mifflin to publish the present edition, and are paying them royalties. Stackpole did not arrange for any rights and are paying no royalties. Houghton Mifflin and Reynal and Hitchcock are suing Stackpole for infringement. Stackpole is making a strong selling point of the fact that they pay no royalties to Hitler. Houghton Mifflin have announced that they are not paying royalties to Hitler either, but are holding the money due the German publishers, pending a court decision on the infringement action.

On Stackpole's side is the deep feeling that because of hostility to Hitler, no American money should go to him, or to swell Germany's holdings of foreign exchange. But on the other side is the argument that royalties should be paid to authors whether we approve of them or not. It is not partisanship to Hitler that prompted the arrangement to pay royalties or the infringement suit, but ordinary publishers' ethics and the desire to validate international copyright. Stackpole's legal defense is that at the time of the filing of the copyright, Hitler was not a citizen of any country and hence was not protected by the law. The plaintiffs maintain that this argument is a mere technicality, and that if Hitler is denied copyright protection because he used to be "stateless," many exiled German and Spanish writers will also lose it on the same ground, and there might be a new wave of literary piracy. Our judgment is that if either publishers or readers want to boycott Germany they should not buy German products, products without paying for them, especially if non-Nazi authors are imperiled by the procedure. Aside from principle, the amount of royalties actually to be paid would not be large enough to make much difference either to Hitler or to Germany.

Reynal and Hitchcock are turning over part of their profits to the refugees. Stackpole are paying an equivalent of royalty, but not profits, to refugees.

Who started the project first? This is uncertain, but it is known that they were independent undertakings and that Reynal and Hitchcock had proceeded far with their plans before they heard of the other project. They undertook the work because no complete translation of the first edition had ever appeared in this country. Houghton Mifflin could have printed such a translation; they published instead (in 1933) a much abridged and bowdlerized edition which had been translated and published in England. Their reason for doing this, they assert, was not any pressure from Hitler, but rather the fact that at that time—before he became Chancellor—it was not understood how important the full text would be, and it was felt that the whole book was too bulky and turgid to be swallowed by American readers.

In other countries—*e. g.*, France—Hitler has used the international copyright to prevent the publication of the unabridged first edition. It has been argued that for this reason the law should be violated or invalidated. We do not see the necessity, especially as in this country a full legal edition now exists under the copyright, and Hitler could not get anywhere if he objected to it.

On account of the book-trade kampf, many more copies will probably be sold than would otherwise be the case. This is good in so far as readers will understand Hitler's exposure of himself, and bad only in so far as they may be influenced by his propaganda. That many will be so influenced we hesitate to believe, especially in view of the notes in the copyrighted edition.

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The Press in Britain

Is It Subject to Censorship?

IN HIS NEW BOOK called "The Holy Terror" Mr. H. G. Wells describes the present Britain as "the hush-hush country," and I find on talking to American visitors to England that that is exactly the impression we make upon them. They ask me, for instance, why publications like Time are cut about before they appear in the bookstalls. I explain that this is done by the wholesalers who would be involved in any action for libel against a publication that they distribute. They ask me whether it is true that our film censorship, which is nominally a question of morals, is now really a political affair. They quote, as an example, the fact that during the Munich crisis the cinemas poured out official propaganda for Mr. Chamberlain, while a film in which Mr. Wickham Steed and Mr. A. J. Cummings criticized the Munich policy was suppressed at the direct request of the British government.

Most of all they are surprised at the lack of vigorous opposition in the press. They have seen that a Danish paper which quoted a Member of Parliament's account of Nazi cruelty in Czecho-Slovakia was forced, as a result of official German pressure, to climb down and apologize; that the Czechs are introducing a law to stop criticism of Germany; that the Social Democrat government of Sweden circularized the press with a request for caution; and that all over the Continent, particularly in democratic Switzerland, there is so much fear of the Nazis that it is difficult to get honest news or free comment on the domestic or external policy of Germany. Then they ask about France. As part of a projected settlement with Hitler, M. Daladier and M. Bonnet prepared an edict which would have prevented criticism of Germany in the Paris press. Is it possible, they ask, that Britain is going the same way?

That certainly is Mr. Churchill's impression. In his speech after the Munich settlement he prophesied that:

> The policy of submission will carry with it restrictions upon freedom of speech and debate in Parliament, on public platforms and discussions in the press, for it will be said—indeed I hear it said sometimes now—that we cannot allow the Nazi system of dictatorship to be criticized by ordinary, common English politicians. Then, with the press under control, in part direct but more potently indirect, with every organ of public opinion doped and chloroformed into acquiescence, we shall be conducted along further stages of our journey.

No doubt he had the facts about the Continental press in his mind. He may have heard too that an exalted member of the British government rang up the editors of at least two well-known newspapers during the Munich crisis to ask them to adopt a more favorable attitude to the government. No doubt he also knew of the efforts to get rid of a distinguished correspondent who persistently opposed the policy of Munich in one of the great conservative newspapers. He may have remembered that in the abortive attempt at an Anglo-German agreement at the beginning of 1938—the period after the dismissal of Mr. Eden and before the Anschluss—Herr von Ribbentrop actually submitted to the British government a list of British newspapers, writers and cartoonists whose criticisms the Führer was said to find offensive. This attempt to muzzle Britain failed and it may be asked whether, in view of the long tradition of legal freedom enjoyed by the British press, any attempt to control it as part of the price of avoiding war with Germany could be successful.

To answer this question we must understand the structure of the British newspaper industry. The pioneers who fought against censorship in England assumed that the ordinary citizen was a political animal who would value truth above everything if only he could get it. They succeeded in establishing the principle, laid down in classical terms by Blackstone, that freedom consists in "laying no previous restrictions upon publications," not of course in immunity from punishment for breaches of the law. This is the basic theory of British as of American law—that a man may act and speak without interference from the executive and may be punished only for actual breaches of the law after they are committed. This guarantee made political journalism possible. The results of free speech have not been all that the pioneers hoped. Jeremy Bentham and Thomas Jefferson would both be disappointed with the standard of public education in modern democracies. They misunderstood the nature of the human animal, which cares for entertainment rather than politics, and they could not foresee the commercial possibilities of newspaper production.

Today in Britain a few great commercial trusts own the vast bulk of the press. America still possesses a considerable number of lively independent papers scattered through the states. A few independent papers of the old political type survive: they are to be found in Scotland, and in England we still have The Manchester Guardian, The Yorkshire Post and several other influential provincials. But the great-circulation press is controlled and run from London and the vast majority of citizens read the Rothermere press or the Beaverbrook press, Lord Southwood's Daily Herald and John Bull, The News-Chronicle and the rest of the so-called

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owned by the Camrose family. It will be seen that though there may be important differences of opinion among these press lords, the number of controlling persons is so small that "influence" at the proper time may easily produce virtual unanimity. The Daily Telegraph does not see eye to eye with the government, but the difference is not fundamental, while The News-Chronicle, which is the most critical of Mr. Chamberlain, may not always be immune from "influence." The Daily Herald is the organ of official labor; but few regard that as any guarantee of genuine independence of the government.

This absence of a clear-cut opposition in the press which so puzzles American visitors to Britain is to be explained ultimately by the fundamental identity of interest that exists in the British ruling class. The differences are far less important than the agreements. Coercion has not here any great part to play. A tactful word at the right time at the right dinner party and an independently minded editor of an important paper finds his position untenable. In cases where the opposition is stubborn a hint is sometimes a sufficient reminder that it is important to keep on good terms with the government and Whitehall. I know of cases where newspapers, themselves part of the great trusts, have been coerced by the threat to withdraw the advance news and invaluable contacts that came from Whitehall. Moreover, the advertisement influence usually works in the same direction. Big business wants optimism and the illusion of prosperity. It was impossible, for instance, to distinguish between a political and a commercial motive when, after the Munich settlement, important advertising agencies urged newspapers to support the idea that Britain had entered upon a prolonged period of peace and contentment.

It has been necessary to insist on this internal aspect of press policy because if England ever becomes totalitarian it will be mainly achieved by consent. If there is trouble about the Incitement to Disaffection Act, the Official Secrets Acts and other modern methods of coercion, that is not because they are frequently used or are the usual means by which damaging facts and criticisms are silenced. They are, as it were, reserve weapons to be used when requested against particular independent papers or individuals who may prove unamenable to the more subtle and usual form of pressure.

The principal legal restrictions on the press may be grouped under three main headings—the Laws of Libel, the Laws against Sedition and the Official Secrets Acts.

Foreign visitors to England are amazed at the potency of the British laws of libel. Much criticism that should be made of corruption and inefficiency is suppressed in England because of our terror of the libel laws. It is indeed a terror. The assessment of damage is left in the hands of juries, who have recently shown a strong disposition to make things as hot as possible for any corporation which libels an individual. And, technically, anything defamatory may be libelous unless the jury agrees that the defamation was in the public interest. The risks are great and the costs, apart from the damages, may run into thousands of pounds. No wonder that newspapers are cautious and find it safest to say nothing even when a racket ought to be exposed. The question of libel is now to be examined by a committee set up by the House of Commons. No one asks for the freedom of personal scandal permitted to the French press, but newspapers hold that there should be some relation between actual damage done and damage paid in court and remedy against the blackmailing lawyers to whom they now pay daily tribute rather than run the risks and incur the expense of legal defense.

In addition to the old common law and statutory safeguards against sedition, the National Government introduced in 1934 an Incitement to Disaffection Act. This act has only been used once, when a student of Leeds University was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for trying to persuade a Royal Air Force corporal to become a Communist and steal an airplane to help the Spanish Loyalists. But, as in the case of libel, the importance of the act is not in its use but in its deterrent effect. It operates mainly in restraint of pacifism. Two anti-war papers, The Friend, the organ of the Quakers, and The New Leader, the organ of the Independent Labor Party, have on occasion left spaces blank with an explanation that the printer was unwilling to run the risk of being involved in a possible action under the Incitement to Disaffection Bill. This particular form of pressure does not of course apply to a daily paper, which has its own printing works, but may have its effect on every form of publication which is under contract to an outside printer. The writer, the publisher and the printer are equally responsible in law for what appears, though the printer himself may not in any way share the political opinions of the paper, magazine or book which he is asked to print.

But perhaps the most significant point about this bill is that it was, I believe, the first act to contravene the rule of law which I have already quoted from Blackstone. It introduced the novel principle that a man can be convicted for his presumed intention; he may be held guilty of an offense if he has in his possession literature which the court holds that he intended to publish and which might make a soldier or sailor seditious or mutinous if it were shown to him. It also dangerously enlarged the right of search for suspect material. The forms in which these principles were introduced were substantially modified as a result of an agitation mainly sponsored by the National Council for Civil Liberties. The original proposals of the bill were far more drastic, but the principle of punishment for an intended offense found its way into the statute books in spite of the agitation.

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Recent controversy about the freedom of the press has mainly turned on the Official Secrets Acts. The two acts which concern us were passed in 1911 and in 1920. In both cases fears were expressed in the House of Commons that these bills seriously infringed the liberties of the individual. In both cases the government replied that they did nothing of the sort, but were designed to strengthen the hands of the executive against espionage. The 1911 act made it an offense for anyone who holds or who has held office under the Crown, or who is or has been under contract on behalf of the Crown, or is or has been employed by a person who holds or has held such an office or contract, to impart any information that he has received by virtue of his employment, and the man who receives the information is as guilty as the man who imparts it. Moreover, the police have very wide powers of search under these acts; recent judicial decisions seem to show that the police are entitled to seize any document or thing relating to any actual, possible or intended offense by any character or person. And the 1920 act introduced a further novelty which has been the cause of most of the recent disputes. Under Section 6 of that act the police have compulsory powers of interrogation.

In the debate on the 1920 bill, Sir Gordon Hewart, then Attorney General, expressed astonishment that anyone should fear that this bill restricted the freedom of journalists and emphasized that it was aimed at the spy. It was therefore ironic when Sir Gordon Hewart, now Lord Hewart and Chief Justice of England, upheld a sentence passed under the Official Secrets Act on a journalist named Lewis, whose offense was to quote from a police circular of no particular importance and not even marked confidential. In fact, the wording of the acts is so generous that the importance or triviality of the information imparted is irrelevant. According to the letter of the law I see no reason why a charwoman who scrubs the steps of an office in Whitehall should not be found guilty of an offense under the Official Secrets Act if she remarks to her neighbor that the Secretary of State has bought a new pair of boots.

The row about the Lewis case, however, was over the question of a compulsory interrogation. It has always been the boast of British journalism that the press, like the doctor, does not tell. How often would wrongs be exposed in the press if informants have no assurance that the editor will not divulge their names? In this case the editor was persuaded by the police to disclose the name of the reporter who had obtained the information, but the reporter refused to give the name of his presumably official informant. For this refusal he was fined and the fine upheld on appeal. It was this fact that alarmed the press; in these days of all-embracing state activity a great deal of news must be obtained more or less directly from official sources. In general this is of course accepted and presumably approved by the government. But if the reporter or editor in the dock side by side with the spy, if at any time he divulges something, it may even be inadvertently, which the government does not wish to see published. How dangerous such a power could be in the hands of a reactionary government, one scarcely needs to explain.

So far I have only discussed this matter as a peacetime problem. In war of course there would be censorship, if only to prevent the publication of information which would be useful to the enemy. But that need not mean that there would be no independent press. Indeed, I should go so far as to say that we should have lost the last war if there had been no courageous and independent journalism, and that the peace would have been even worse than it was had no opposition opinions been permitted. Northcliffe, who was powerful enough to defy the Official Secrets Acts, exposed the incompetence which was depriving the British army of shells, and if it had not been for Conservative critics in outspoken papers like The Morning Post, the vanity and blundering of generals, who were responsible for the horrors of Passchendaele, might have gone on unchecked until the Germans were in Whitehall. Then again, one must not underestimate the work of papers like The Manchester Guardian and The Nation, which kept alive the division between the German people and its militarist government. They stood against hatred and maintained some sanity in the midst of war fever, and it was largely owing to such efforts that there was an opinion in Britain ready to respond to President Wilson's appeal.

Today many of us are wondering whether such measures of liberty to criticize and to think constructively even in wartime will be permitted if Europe once again goes up in flames. We know that in September there was a project for a Ministry of Propaganda, and it was remarkable that the government asked the newspapers to say nothing about it. We notice, too, that journalism is excluded from the list of reserved occupations exempt from military service. Gardeners and basketmakers are on the list, and so is everyone who produces a newspaper except the people who write it. Why? The answer would appear to be that the government would be able to exempt only tame journalists and see that the others were satisfactorily in uniform. It may well be that the next war, if it comes, will be so totalitarian that questions of this kind are academic. I agree that it is optimistic to hope for the survival of liberty from another war. But if war does come it will be the business of journalists to keep alive their faith in liberty and to do their best to bring about a settlement that gives some hope for a more decent world. That cannot happen if we surrender our liberties before the war begins or fail to maintain the structure of free institutions in the war itself.

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The WPA: Going, Going—

INDICATIONS are that this session of Congress is going to be the roughest, toughest and meanest in recent memory. Before it is over it may recall those later sessions under Wilson which ended by making "idealism" a dirty word in American politics. Today's dirty word is "relief," and the reactionaries are sharpening their knives to cut the gizzard out of the federal-state system of assistance to the jobless. One of the cleverest operators turns out to be Senator James F. Byrnes, of South Carolina, a Vandenberg Democrat. Mr. Byrnes (as head of a special Senate committee on unemployment and relief) has popped up with a plan for dismantling the WPA. It is called, rather coyly, a plan for increasing and extending unemployment insurance.

Senator Byrnes, it seems likely, has been taking a Berlitz course in how to speak the liberal lingo. Butter wouldn't melt in the mouth of the report his committee has handed down. It is a report which demands higher unemployment-insurance payments to jobless workers, a shorter waiting period between loss of job and the first benefit check and a longer period of benefit payments. And all this is very strange because Senator Byrnes distinguished himself at the last session by his fight against the La Follette Civil Liberties Subcommittee, and only a short time ago roused a fashionable audience at the Waldorf-Astoria to a frenzy by his demand that federal expenditures be curbed. To find such a man suddenly concerned with improving the lot of the worker is startling, and one is inspired to seek further—particularly on recalling that Senator Byrnes has a great deal of influence and that his committee is in a key spot for crystallizing the campaign against the WPA into legislative action.

After dwelling with some passion on the thought that unemployment-insurance payments of $2.79 per week are not enough for decent living, Senator Byrnes's committee proposes national minimum benefits of $5 per week, with maximum payments of $15; it asks that the waiting period be cut to one week and that benefits be paid for three months. Then, still beaming, Senator Byrnes sets up the thought that these increased unemployment-compensation benefits should be "the first line of defense" for our economy, greatly reducing "the number of unemployed seeking relief or work." In other words, the first resort in unemployment would be, not jobs on public projects, but a system of weekly cash payments. The report goes on: "A work program, however, should not be expected to suddenly expand in order to take care of a great increase in unemployment. . . ." The unemployment-insurance checks are

This, of course, is no more than a disguised dole to take the place of fairly decent jobs at fairly decent wages. Even a $15 compensation check is a lot smaller than a $23.86 WPA check, such as is paid weekly to relief workers in New York, and a $5 compensation check would be a lot less than the national WPA average wage of $61 monthly. To call such a system unemployment insurance does not excuse the proposed retreat from the New Deal theory that every American is entitled to a job. Unemployment insurance can and should be improved, but certainly those who have been demanding improvements have never contemplated unemployment insurance as a substitute for work-and-wages. And since unemployment insurance is financed by payroll taxes, which inevitably come out of the pockets of workers and consumers, Senator Byrnes is in reality asking the poor to support the poor, ending the useful if primitive redistribution of income accomplished by the WPA.

The attack is by indirection and has been unusually adroit. A bill has already been introduced by Senator Byrnes (S. 1265) to implement this report. Hearings on it have been held. It would provide (as this report recommends) for continuing public works. But the WPA would be merged with the PWA in a new Department of Public Works, devoted solely to construction, and in the process all the WPA recreational, educational and cultural projects would be scrapped. Some 750,000 workers would be dumped on the sidewalk through this legislative chink, since no other bill now before Congress aims to provide for them. That is a tidy gift to the tories in the name of more social security. The United Federal Workers of America (CIO), awake to the danger, have pointed out that with the proposed Works Department taking over public construction, it is essential that the Byrnes bill specifically mention recreational and educational projects if these jobs are to be saved.

But it is not Byrnes's intention to save these jobs. The report of his special committee, antedating the bill, shows that. It would require the states to contribute one-third of the cost of each project in the set-up, and projects would be distributed among the states on a rough population basis, weighted to a certain extent by current unemployment figures. Byrnes has been sore for some time at what he considers excessive WPA allotments for the North, and so he gives the South a break in his scheme by providing that the state's one-third contribution could be cut in accordance with average state per-capita income figures, notoriously low in the Southern states. Where the unemployment load is

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would be given a relief job until he had used up his unemployment insurance; until he had lived for three months on as little as $5 a week. After that period he would get a works job if his state happened to have enough projects and if it could afford to pay its share of the cost of those projects.

Part of the Byrnes plan (which, it should be mentioned, is endorsed by committee-members Bennett C. Clark, Carl A. Hatch, Lynn J. Frazier and, except as to the distribution-of-funds clause, by the last member, James E. Murray) calls for creation of a single, unified office to handle unemployment insurance, work relief and the finding of jobs in private industry. This proposal is sensible and such a recommendation is made by most students of welfare legislation, but when the works program is as sharply limited as Byrnes would have it, the set-up merely becomes a good technical device for further shoving the WPA out of the picture, minimizing its importance, curtailing its independence and the splendid initiative which has resulted in so many remarkable art, educational and cultural projects. Hopkins and Williams have made an adventure in economic statesmanship out of the WPA; they have displayed a creativeness and a sense of responsibility in lifting the WPA above the drab hand-out level. That would be gone if Byrnes has his way; the WPA dog would be wagged by a $5-a-week tail; the system would be routinized into spiritual extinction. The fight has already begun. Unless liberals are alert, the great objectives of "improving the social-security set-up" and "developing the unemployment-insurance system," may wind up as something very like that cheap, tidy cash dole which Tory Senators have been muttering about under their breaths.

SAMUEL GRAFTON

How Big Business Can Make Friends

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE and wholly unexpected revelations of the times is the discovery, made in the last few years, that Big Business cares. Prior to the New Deal it was considered improbable that Big Business even knew: the thought of its caring never entered the most credulous mind. But now the truth is out. Big Business cares. It not only cares what the President thinks of it, so that when he thinks unkind thoughts it loses confidence and suffers from an inability to get up in the morning. It cares what the public thinks of it. When the public thinks unkind thoughts Big Business hires public-relations counsel and takes full pages in the newspapers to explain. A note of anxiety, a warm and pleading note like the tone sometimes caught in the agony columns of The London Times, has become audible in its advertising copy and in the voices of its radioactive vice-presidents. It no longer appeals to the public as mere purchasers, urging the acquisition of its automobiles, its refrigerators, its corn flakes, its air-conditioning equipment, its express elevators and its railroad trestles. It appeals to the public as people. It wants to be popular. It wants to be held in popular esteem. In brief, it wants to be liked.

And it isn't liked and the fact hurts. It hurts that the greatest business nation in history should regard the greatest businesses in history with something less than admiration. It hurts that the captains of industry, the creators of the largest and most profitable corporations, the chairmen of the most powerful boards, the presidents of the richest banks, should not be national heroes. Big Business suffers from that hurt and it is honest enough to say so.

It is impossible not to sympathize with such human and understandable anxieties. It is even less possible to show that we too are human and that we know how to answer so warm and touching an appeal to our better natures. The present monopoly inquiry offers a unique opportunity.

What should be done is to amend the anti-trust laws in such a way as to remove at one and the same time the all too obvious faults of those statutes and the hurt from which Big Business suffers. It can be done quite simply. The principal fault of the present law is that it calls for the break-up of monopolies and the punishment of monopolizers. There are numerous economists who feel that the break-up of monopolies is not necessarily desirable. To these economists monopoly is the natural fruit of capitalism and the function of the capitalist in economic and social evolution is precisely to produce the monopolistic agglomerations of capital and the monopolistic combinations of enterprise which the present law attempts, unsuccessfully, to prevent. To discourage capitalism from pursuing its destiny is inexpedient and to punish the capitalist for doing what his nature compels him to do and what history expects of him is unjust. In the view of these economists the present law is an attempt to turn back the economic clock. By defeating the capitalist's instinctive and natural labor while maintaining the capitalist system, it turns economic evolution into the frustration of Sisyphus. The captain of industry is doomed to roll his monopolistic snowball to the top of the mountain where just before he balances it on top of the world, it is broken up and thrown back to the bottom for a new beginning.

If these economists are right—and they have not only Marx on their side but a considerable amount of history as well—the amendment to be made is fairly

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monopoly statutes to pro-monopoly statutes. A pro-monopoly statute would operate somewhat as follows. The Attorney General would be charged as at present to investigate all apparent monopolies and to proceed against them in the usual manner. But in the event that a monopoly was found to exist, the action to be taken would be the opposite of the action prescribed by the present law. That is to say, those executives of the monopolistic enterprise deemed responsible for its creation would be singled out, not as at present for punishment, but for the highest public honors. Commemorative coins would be struck off with representations of their heads both full face and in profile. Monuments recording their achievement would be raised in the public squares of their cities of residence. A suitable ribbon would be awarded them for use in the lapels of their dinner jackets. They would be pensioned for life. And the monopoly itself, far from being broken up, would be carefully preserved in the national charge. It would be taken over by a grateful government for the uses of its people.

The advantages of the proposal need not be demonstrated here. The nation would profit since it would make use of the creative labors of its most assiduous and skillful citizens instead of discouraging those labors and destroying their most famous masterpieces. The government would profit, being enabled little by little to replace its unproductive bureaucracy of sleuths, accountants, special examiners, special attorneys general and lawyers of one kind or another, with a productive bureaucracy engaged in the operation of great monopolistic enterprises in the public interest. The economic system would profit, since economic evolution would be permitted to go forward in an orderly way, industries being nationalized only as their own executive found them ripe for centralized control. And above all, Big Business would be cured of its wound.

Big Business would lose at once the feeling of being misunderstood and unloved which plagues it today. Captains of industry would become captains indeed. They would fulfill their creative destinies not in the teeth of the law but with the blessings of society. They would be as warmly admired in the streets and at the corner tables of night clubs and on railroad trains as baseball players or successful columnists. Should any of them prefer to keep their businesses rather than to achieve such heights of popularity and fame they could of course do so. They could do so by seeing to it that their businesses remained competitive. But if, in that case, they felt that no one loved them they would have only themselves to blame. They would get little sympathy from us or from their more public-spirited associates who had chosen monopoly and glory.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Poland Against Germany

LAST AUGUST, Stationmaster Winnicki of the Polish port of Gdynia was riding on a local train within the territory of the Free City of Danzig. On the same train were several Nazis. The Brownshirts approached Winnicki and demanded that he give the Nazi salute. Winnicki, a Polish citizen, refused. The Nazis beat him and threw him off the train, injuring him so severely that he lost both legs and an arm. The consequence was an outburst of anti-German feeling throughout Poland. But with Europe speeding toward the Czech crisis, Poland was not ready for a showdown with the Nazis.

The Winnicki affair could be duplicated many times in that uneasy terrain near the mouth of the Vistula. Clashes between Germans and Poles are frequent in Danzig and the Corridor. Usually they go unnoticed, but on occasion they increase German-Polish tension to a dangerous degree. Once in a while an incident along the German-Polish frontier generates lightning that briefly illuminates the ancient feud which still exists between Teuton and Slav along the Baltic.

To many Europeans, and probably to most Americans, Polish foreign policy seems not only irresponsible but highly dangerous to the Poles. The latter may be Germany are based upon the *Realpolitik* of the late Marshal Pilsudski, a veteran revolutionist who knew all the tricks of the dictators. In 1933, the Marshal realized that the time to stop Hitler had come. He proposed to France that the French and Polish armies move against the Nazis' new-born military machine. But at that time Western politicians did not take Hitler seriously. France refused to move against the Reich. Thereupon, Pilsudski bluntly informed Hitler that Germany would have to choose between war and peace. If Hitler wanted war, he could have it. In that year the Polish army could have seized Danzig, occupied East Prussia and marched to Berlin. Therefore Hitler, knowing that the Marshal was not bluffing, signed the ten-year non-aggression pact between Berlin and Warsaw.

Since the death of Pilsudski in 1935, Poland's foreign policies have been carried on by Colonel Josef Beck, a hard, adroit diplomat who learned his international politics from the Marshal. Beck's foreign policies are based on the simple formula that Poland can rely on no nation but herself. The Colonel looks with distrust upon the League, the promises of the Western democracies and multilateral security pacts. He has no

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inevitable showdown with Germany comes, Poland will welcome help from Britain and France. But Beck is too shrewd to count on it. He has formulated his foreign policies with these thoughts uppermost in his mind.

In the pre-Munich era most observers believed that the Czechs were powerfully entrenched militarily and diplomatically vis-a-vis Germany. Poland, many critics insisted, was isolated and would pay dearly for her lone-wolf foreign policy. But Beck and his collaborators cynically maintained that when the Reich moved against Czecho-Slovakia, no one would take up arms in behalf of Prague. Munich vindicated their cynicism.

The outcome of Munich convinced the world public that Hitler would have a free hand in Central Europe. But only a few days after the four-power meeting, Poland challenged the Reich by occupying the city of Oderberg, an important railroad junction in former Czech territory. Germany wanted Oderberg. But Polish troops refused to evacuate it, and the Germans were compelled to choose between a fight and acceptance of Poland's *fait accompli*. Hitler did not choose to fight. This significant event went almost unnoticed in the world press.

After Munich, when the Nazis began their Greater Ukraine drive, the Poles prepared to resist. Beck's balance-of-power policy called for a shift toward the Soviet Union. This was carried out in two important acts during November. The Polish-Soviet non-aggression pact was renewed, and trade negotiations between Warsaw and Moscow were started. The significance of the Polish orientation toward Russia was not lost on Berlin. The Nazis realized that Poland was meeting the German pressure against Polish interests by a counter-move against the Reich. This is language that the Nazis understand. Poland is not bluffing and the Nazis know it.

Of recent years the issue of the Corridor has ceased to make the headlines, but it is hardly less important than it was six years ago. For Germany has never relinquished her intention of regaining this highly strategic district which forms Poland's only outlet to the sea. The so-called Free City of Danzig is another sore spot in Polish-German relations. Although Danzig is predominantly German, Poland has important economic and political interests in the Free City. For one thing, Poland's main rail line between Warsaw and Gdynia runs through Danzig. Furthermore, if Danzig were incorporated in the Reich, the German army would be only a dozen miles from Gdynia. Then German artillery would command Poland's single maritime connection with the outside world. A few months ago it seemed unlikely that Poland could for long prevent Anschluss between Danzig and the Reich. Today Poland may be able to delay such a Nazi *coup de force* indefinitely.

When the writer first crossed the Corridor in the early post-war era, the train doors were locked, window blinds were drawn and passengers were not allowed to look out while the train crossed the province of Pomorze. Today, no such precautions are taken by the Poles. But the Corridor is as carefully guarded as ever. The Polish authorities are moving Nazi Germans out of this region and they are replacing them with Poles, often former Polish non-commissioned officers whose loyalty is unquestioned. Nazi propaganda and political penetration in the Corridor is ruthlessly fought. And the visitor may note that this locality contains troops from some of Poland's crack military units. If Germany recovers the Corridor, she will have to fight for it. And that may be true, too, of Danzig.

Tales that Poland is considering surrender of the Corridor to Germany may be dismissed as fanciful. Gdynia, at the Baltic end of the Corridor, represents to Poles the spirit of the new Poland. It is their "miracle" city. The writer has been told on good authority that on one of his numerous hunting trips to Poland General Goering made this proposition to Colonel Beck: "We could take the Corridor away from you, but we know that it would cost us a half-million men. It is not worth that much to us. You keep the Corridor and give us compensation elsewhere." But the Poles have been unwilling to bargain for any brief German guarantee of Corridor ownership in return for a Nazi free hand in Lithuania, or Rumania or the Ukraine.

Colonel Beck has embarked upon a bold plan to create a cordon of buffer states that can definitely block the German drive to the East. The small countries in this region would be the battlefield of a German attack on Russia. They would have everything to lose by Nazi expansion eastward. For a few weeks after Munich, the Beck plan seemed visionary, but the Polish Foreign Minister stubbornly went forward with it. He has made surprising progress since the first of the year. Rumania is now believed to be committed to the venture. And a Warsaw-Bucharest axis is being forged.

In brief, the Beck plan calls for a protective wall of border states stretching from the Gulf of Finland to the Ægean Sea. Already plans are being discussed for a Vistula-Danube canal, a bridge across the Danube to connect Rumania and Bulgaria, and for other economic and political projects. Hungary and Yugoslavia are reported to look favorably upon the creation of this "Third Europe." If the plan succeeds, it could do more to bottle up Nazi aggression than any scheme put forth so far by the London-Paris axis. It could exert a decisive influence on the fate of the *Drang nach Osten*. It is much too early to predict success or failure, but the plan has already made considerable progress. The balance of power in the Old World may be passing into the hands of the nations which will compose the "Third Europe."

HENRY C. WOLFE

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A Temple for Thomas Jefferson

AT THE EDGE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND, on a conspicuous site above the Hudson River, there was dedicated in the year 1897 a monument intended to assist the immortality of General Grant. Because our own art was at that time held inadequate to celebrate a character so difficult of appraisement, the architect of this monument sought, with the logic unique to classicism, to assure the fame of the General less by an expression of his peculiar glory than by a reflection of the more dependable glory that was Greece. Our national hero was honored by the construction, in a form appallingly permanent, of the latest conjectures concerning that mighty sepulchre which in ancient days Queen Artemisia had built beside the Ionian Sea.

General Grant was an able and a gallant soldier. He overcame his enemies, military and political, on many a well contested field. But General Grant will never overcome his monument. This ponderous, huge monster has seized this unaffected and reticent man and holds him before the world in an eternal pillory of pomp and pretense.

Monuments have sometimes a strange power over human judgments. Monuments act; they are events; they exert a force, healing or malevolent. Monuments can exalt or depress, clarify or confuse. Their praise is unpredictable and unreasoning, their malice unpitying.

Today there is under construction on a conspicuous site in the city of Washington a monument to be dedicated to Thomas Jefferson, and this monument, when completed, will embody so grotesque a presentation of Jefferson's character as to make him—if such a thing is possible—forever ridiculous. The author of the Declaration of Independence, translated into marble, is to be made to stand on a pedestal in the center of that circular temple—the Pantheon—which in the second century Hadrian dedicated to the seven gods of Rome. There, canopied by a stupendous vault, surrounded by peristyles such as those with which Augustus surrounded the altar of Mars, exalted on Saharas of granite steps and terraces, he is to defy eternally an architecture inexpressive of a single one of those traits which endeared him to his countrymen. Here will be no hint either of that simplicity of character, that impatience with humbug and sentimentality and pretense which made Jefferson the first clear prophetic embodiment of the American character; nor yet of that prescience which guided the young republic through its most perilous seas.

We are solemnly assured by eminent authority that Jefferson would have desired just such an apotheosis. Because at the University of Virginia he housed college professors in temples "affording examples of classic [illegible]" he compressed the two chambers of the legislature, at what sacrifice of comfort Heaven only knows, into the square *cella* of the Maison Carrée; it follows inevitably that he would wish his own marble effigy to stand forever regnant among the mighty pillars of his Roman sanctuary. "I desire as my monument," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "a plain die or cube of 3 f., without any moldings, surmounted by an obelisk of 6 f. height, each of a single stone." Oh wondrous movement of the academic mind which can read these words—and deduce a Pantheon!

But in Washington we have our own ideas about honor. Honor resides in columns and is proportional to their number and weight. The new Archives Building has no less than eighty columns, all of prodigious size, which have no other purpose than to reflect honor upon the original copy of the Constitution. The Supreme Court is honored by a preface of columns even more Corinthian; columns in phalanxes march across the façades of huge government buildings to honor in turn Justice, Labor, Law and the Federal Reserve; and the White House and the Apex Building have impartially their peculiar necklaces of columns. The honor to be reflected upon Jefferson is thus seen to be of a universal and impersonal nature. Like some rare canary he is to stand in a cage of peristyles which converge upon him an honor of so serviceable a nature that it would, if need should arise, be quite as apposite to Aaron Burr, or to the Treaty with the Barbary Pirates, or to the Pennsylvania Railroad, or to the Confederate Dames.

It is a pity that such a temple cannot be enlivened by ritual. I should like it much better (and I should find no inconsistency) if there were present some venerable priest offering sacrifice, an altar laden with the burning fat of kine or pig, hot ashes quenched with libations of purple wine. There should be vestal virgins, thinly clad, to dance with naked feet in and out among the cool colonnades. But no; it is a Puritan honor we pay our national hero; an honor only decorously Hellenic; a plaster-cast honor which patiently codifies the debris, and leaves unguessed-at the spirit of antiquity. Jefferson is to stand in isolated cold grandeur, undisturbed except by the curiosity of tourists; costumed in embroidered coat and velvet breeches, in tricorn, cloak and slender sword; his eye upon the White House and the Democratic Presidents who, I trust, will come and go there until, and long after, the millennium.

Preposterous? Yes, but the authorities have actually agreed upon this thing; vast foundations are actually under way; and this after a year or more of debate. Commissions, duly constituted by Congress, have is-

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themselves; personalities have clashed; speeches have been made, articles written and resolutions voted; an infinite dust has been thrown into the air; and now (somewhat hurried by fear of a change in the political complexion of the House) the issue is resolved.

No doubt the House will, in due course, change its complexion. Commissions, their work completed, will disappear; personalities will be forgotten; and the dust will settle even in Washington. But this monument will remain, accusing the taste of our time, advertising the range of our inventiveness, the breadth of our vision. Forgotten will be the fact that there were in America, even as this banality was in process of construction, at least a hundred architects who could have created a better design; that the expressive art of architecture was being, even then, magnificently transformed by a new vision, a deeper understanding of its spiritual mission; and that the democracy which Jefferson envisaged had at long last begun to inform that architecture with its kindling presence.

I am told in Washington that the issue is without importance since one more temple, in a wilderness of temples, cannot seriously affect the cause of architecture and, whether the monument is good or bad, the fame of Jefferson is beyond any possibility of abridgement. As to that, I should have had no misgivings—if I had not remembered the monument of General Grant.

JOSEPH HUDNUT

Two of W. B. Yeats's Last Poems

News for the Delphic Oracle

I

There all the golden codgers lay,
There the silver dew,
And the great water sighed for love
And the wind sighed too.
Man-picker Niamh leant and sighed
By Oisin on the grass;
There sighed amid his choir of love
Tall Pythagoras.
Plotinus came and looked about,
The salt flakes on his breast,
And having stretched and yawned awhile
Lay sighing like the rest.

II

Straddling each a dolphin's back
And steadied by a fin
These Innocents relive their death,
Their wounds open again.
The ecstatic waters laugh because
Their cries are sweet and strange,
Through their ancestral patterns dance,
And the brute dolphins plunge
Until in some cliff-sheltered bay
Where wades the choir of love
Proffering its sacred laurel crowns,
They pitch their burdens off.

III

Slim adolescence that a nymph has stripped,
Pelius on Thetis stares,
Her limbs are delicate as an eyelid,
Love has blinded him with tears;
But Thetis' belly listens.
Down the mountain walls
Intolerable music falls.
Foul goat-head, brutal arm appear,
Belly, shoulder, bum,
Flash fishlike, nymphs and satyrs
Copulate in the foam.

A Bronze Head

Here at right of the entrance this bronze head,
Human, superhuman, a bird's round eye,
Everything else withered and mummy-dead.
What great tomb-haunter sweeps the distant sky;
(Something may linger there though all else die)
And finds there nothing to make its terror less
Hysterico-passio of its own emptiness?

No dark tomb-haunter once; her form all full
As though with magnanimity of light
Yet a most gentle woman; who can tell
Which of her forms has shown her substance right,
Or maybe substance can be composite,
Profound McTaggart thought so, and in a breath
A mouthful hold the extreme of life and death.

But even at the starting-post, all sleek and new,
I saw the wildness in her and I thought
A vision of terror that it must live through
Had shattered her soul. Propinquity had brought
Imagination to that pitch where it casts out
All that is not itself. I had grown wild
And wandered murmuring everywhere "my child, my child!"

Or else I thought her supernatural;
As though a sterner eye looked through her eye
On this foul world in its decline and fall;
On gangling stocks grown great, great stocks run dry,
Ancestral pearls all pitched into a sty,
Heroic revery mocked by clown and knave,

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Washington Notes

New Deal Munich?

THE LAST FEW DAYS have been hard on New Deal nerves. Just what does "business appeasement" mean? As these Notes are written, Mr. Roosevelt has not spoken —at least not in words that anyone short of a State Department code-decipherer could understand. Some New Dealers, particularly those concerned with labor policy, profess to fear that the administration's future lies on a knife's edge, and may fall either to the right or left.

The only rule in politics with scientific pretensions is that what has happened once is likely to happen again. By that rule, we ought to be able to count on the present appeasement gesture exploding, like a night-club balloon, within a brief interval. That is what has happened with similar gestures in the past. This time, it is true, we have a new factor with which to reckon. A conspicuous member of the White House circle, Mr. Harry Hopkins, now has a stake in winning business approval. In the last eighteen months, Mr. Hopkins has reached terms of friendship with extremely powerful business leaders. They like him; he likes them. Nevertheless, Mr. Hopkins' devotion to Mr. Roosevelt has an almost mystic quality. At a whisper from Mr. Roosevelt, he would talk back to business with gusto.

If we skip a great many "ifs" and "buts" that ought not to be skipped, the appeasement of business comes down to the future status of a few New Deal personalities. If they depart, or are doghoused, business will be appeased; if they stay, business won't be. As one New Deal higher-up explained, from a store of bitter experience, business men are far less concerned about the enactment of laws than the way in which the laws are applied. When a business man descends on Washington with blood in his eye, his anger is almost invariably against an administrative ruling or interpretation—something that oftentimes might have been legally tipped either way. What business men want are complaisant administrative officials, or, as our New Dealer put it, they want to own the government as they did under Harding, Coolidge and Hoover.

This explains why the word "appeasement" disturbs the New Deal group. In the last few days, Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Morgenthau appear to have accepted the thesis that it is the duty of the administration to bring confidence to the owners of "venture" money. Logically pursued, this thesis would destroy the New Deal. The likelihood that any large amount of speculative capital will be forthcoming in the near future is virtually nil. But, as week after week goes by and it fails to appear, business men will be entitled to say to Messrs. Roosevelt and Hopkins: "Do your duty; give us confidence," and to demand, seriatim, the gory heads of the chief New Deal figures.

Watch the following men. If business appeasement is meant seriously, they are the ones who will be affected. First stand Mr. Madden and Mr. Edwin S. Smith of the National Labor Relations Board. Apparently the head of their former colleague, Mr. Don W. Smith, already rests on a silver charger. Then would come Mr. Thomas R. Amlie, whose nomination to the ICC, according to Republicans and conservative Democrats, is an "affront" to business. Fourth is Chairman Eccles of the Federal Reserve, chief exponent of the present spending program. It is already rumored that Mr. Eccles is prepared to resign if the Treasury budget-balancers, notably Professor Jacob Viner, are restored to favor. Most important of all, perhaps, are the monopoly hunters, Solicitor General Jackson and Assistant Attorney General Arnold of the Department of Justice, and Mr. Leon Henderson, the kindly Buddha of the TNEC.

New Dealers themselves are not sure how appeasement would touch the SEC. Chairman Douglas brought about a revolution within the New York Stock Exchange, and the present exchange leadership is believed to regard him highly. Sensitive-eared listeners, however, say they hear angry rumbling from the insurance companies and investment trusts, both of which Mr. Douglas is having investigated for the TNEC. But, in any case, Mr. Douglas is widely expected to be translated to the Supreme Court; it is understood that a federal circuit-court judgeship has been pledged to another SEC commissioner, Mr. Jerome Frank. This is substantially the list. As long as their influence is undisturbed, the New Deal will be safe.

General Robert E. Wood, of Sears, Roebuck, who is to be Mr. Hopkins' chief business aide, had a hand in a notable New Deal victory. Nearly two years ago, Mr. Henderson campaigned to have the administration use its purchasing power as a weapon against monopoly. The procurement division of the Treasury was then about to buy the government's annual supply of automobile tires. Bids from a score of companies tallied to a penny. New bids were called for, and again they were identical. General Wood was summoned from Chicago; his experts succeeded in getting the needed amounts from the market at astonishing savings.

General Wood was graduated from West Point at the end of the Spanish-American War, and served as a cavalry lieutenant in the Philippine insurrection. From 1905 to 1915, he was General Goethals' quartermaster in the building of the Panama Canal, and, among other duties, operated the Panama Railroad. He resigned in 1915 to enter business as an official of the General Asphalt Company. The World War brought him back to the War Department, where, during 1918-19, he was acting Quartermaster General. This was one of the greatest purchasing jobs in history; it was an easy transition to his next business post, vice-president of Montgomery, Ward. In 1924, he moved to Sears, Roebuck, and, with the resignation last January of Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald, he became its chairman. Although he is at the head of a great profit-making organization, New Dealers point out that he necessarily holds a different economic philosophy from that of the majority of big business men. He represents a merchandising industry the interests of which are in direct conflict with price-fixing and other monopolistic controls.

The finishing touches are now being given to the two-price system of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Wallace's so-called "domestic dumping." It is to be begun on a modest scale, in a dozen or two carefully selected small cities. Relief families will be given stamps of two colors. One color, it is understood, will be used for the family's

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customary food purchases, the other for additional supplies that will be offered at exceptionally low prices. Purchases will be made from neighborhood grocers, who will be able to cash the stamps at banks, or convenient federal agencies. Department officials say that the extension of the two-price system will depend on its popularity, both with relief families and merchants. If successful, it is hoped to use it to distribute clothing.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Recovery and the Business Man

SO MUCH ARE MEN, in all times, made after a pattern that a very wise man who is at once philosopher, psychologist, historian and economist might well describe at the beginning of any isolated social movement how the episode will progress and end. Such an observer could have foretold in 1933, when the "revolution" was in full flame, that by 1939 there would emerge from the headquarters of the revolutionists a blue placard bearing the legend "Does It Contribute to Recovery?"

A powerful and almost blinding light has broken upon the politicians in Washington of every shade of opinion, from the right-wing philosophers on the Left to the most extreme left-wingers on the Right. That is the beam which emanates from the fires of 1940 burning so fiercely just nine months away. What they see is that the Democrats must face the electorate with eight years of trying behind them and still no boom. Therefore the object of the prayers of the leaders and of their activities is recovery.

Simultaneously it has broken upon their minds that recovery, within the framework of the capitalist system, without long-term private investment is impossible. And there is no long-term private investment either here or around the corner. Under the impact of this terrifying discovery all hands have decided that it is time to listen to business—which, of course, is only a way of saying it is time to listen to business men. Therefore, Mr. Harry Hopkins is made Secretary of Commerce, since it is much simpler to call in the business men behind the cover of Hopkins' radical coat-tails than to do it with an economic royalist in that department. That grand old institution, the Industrial Advisory Council, which was organized by Mr. Roper and the President and which I have tried to keep under scrutiny from the beginning, is now swarming all over the Department of Commerce, doing what it was designed to do at its inception—"chart the future economic course of the country."

All this is based upon a series of propositions which are worthy of attention. They are:

1. Recovery is now essential to the nation.
2. Private investment revival is necessary to recovery.
3. Private investment is an energy which business men dominate.
4. Reviving it is a practical matter for business men, since they understand best its habits.
5. Therefore the obvious course is to let the business men ... epilogue to bring the performance to an end.

yielding any of the great fundamental gains of the revolution—whatever they may be.

Without examining all of these propositions, we may put our finger on those from No. 3 to No. 5 for scrutiny.

The notion that business men control investment energy and that they understand how it may be revived and that they can therefore bring about this revival is a complete illusion. I know no better way to illustrate this than by pointing out the resemblance between the break-up of the old feudal system and the present seeming disintegration of capitalism.

The feudal system was about two hundred years in its death agonies. That is, it took that long for it to die after it took to its deathbed. In that time men everywhere knew their social system was sick. They talked about it, had endless discussions, wrote some documents about it, made speeches and held endless conferences. They proposed measures to save it. But in all those two hundred years they never did anything about the thing that was breaking it up. That thing was money. They talked about profit and usury and the just price. But they did nothing about putting an end to money, which was flowing into Europe then, increasing its velocity through the activity of the merchants and completely making over the ways of production and distribution and life itself. But the lords of the manors, the nobles, the king, the guildmen and the politicians and little business men who denounced the rise of the rich men and the potential monopolist, all vied with each other to increase the flow of money, to shift their operations to the money medium and to get as much of it as possible.

Now the capitalist system is in trouble. It is a profit system. But profit in the capitalist system is impossible unless investment is energized. After ten years of depression debate, politicians, statesmen, business men and even some economists are coming to learn that. If you look at the business world, you see that in those areas where investment takes place, business itself, in its organized activities, is constantly doing everything in its power to make investment more difficult. It is business which has developed the corporate stock-issuing rackets to the point where the public frequently has to put up $2 in order to get $1 invested—$1 for the investment and $1 for the promoter. It is business which led the investing public into such a shocking adventure of losses through securities that it is profoundly suspicious. It is organized business which forms itself into trade associations to keep out competitors, to keep up prices, to limit production and, literally, to make new investment in an industry by any newcomer a heroic experience.

The most profound mistake that can be made now is to suppose that the effort to revive business by reviving investment can be achieved by groups which, whether they realize it or not, are the greatest barriers to new investment. The administration ought to promote the revival. But this is the worst possible method of going about it.

The surrender to this baleful idea, of course, will have one immediate effect. Having declared an armistice and given business assurances of appeasement, every necessary step the administration now takes to deal with any abuse will be denounced as a violation of the armistice and retreat from appeasement. We may truly say that the curtain has been rung down on the New Deal. There remains only the

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While the Cat's Away

OTIS FERGUSON IS OFF SOMEWHERE on a boat. He said we could do anything with his page, so practically the entire staff—all of us frustrated critics at heart—have collaborated on these notes. Dear Otis, please come home.

"The Four Hundred Million," at the Cameo Theatre, Joris Ivens' and John Ferno's documentary record of China's resistance to the Japanese invasion, is the best picture there has been on the subject. If you saw "The Spanish Earth," you know what kind of job this team can turn out. "The Four Hundred Million" is several notches below the Spanish picture, but it covers a vastly more difficult event. There are no towns or personalities to bring into focus; nothing but the inspired growth of spirit in the hearts of Chiang Kai-shek's courageous followers. To date nobody has invented a filter or a lens-turret that will automatically catch abstract ideals. It has to be done by magic.

Ivens and Ferno are at least prestidigitators, especially in the scenes which show the Chinese victory at Taierchwang and the heroism of Chu Teh, commander of the Eighth Route Army. But there is considerably less than magic in the sequences at the beginning and end of the film, horror shots of the bombings of Shanghai, Canton and the other coastal cities. We have no special aversion to pictures of the dead and maimed. Certainly a report of the Chinese war which failed to say that the streets have been filled with ghastly fragments of innocent civilians would lack justification. But what propaganda value has a shot of half a corpse that has been lying in the sun over the weekend? It shocks the audience away from the important things the movie has to say—that the Chinese are guiltless in this war and that the United States, by providing Japan with war materials, has been allied with her aggression.

When a picture as good as this comes along, you are sorry that you can't praise without qualification. In honesty, however, we must beef about Dudley Nichols' commentary and the way Martin Gunther ("American Way") March speaks it. There isn't any reason why documentary films need to have Art sticking out all over them, just because they are likely to be released in small houses filled with sober intellectuals. Yet Fredric March reads his lines like an epic poem at the poet's funeral, and the commentary does very little to help him over the rough spots. Goodness knows there's evident sincerity and fine intent. From our friends, however, that's not enough. We want perfection.

John Ford's "Stagecoach" is the best of the new Hollywood pictures in town. Ferguson said he wanted us to save this one for him, but if you're staying at home because O. F. hasn't given you the green light, that's too much loyalty. It's pure Western, complete with Indians, mesas, tight-lipped outlaws in tight britches, swooning ladies and the U. S. Cavalry. And, boy, when the Apaches are closing in and the ammunition has run out and it's still five miles to Lordsburg, please hold on to the guard rail and remain seated in the car.

John (formerly Jules) Garfield's growing list of devotees will like "Blackwell's Island," which in its own way approaches being a documentary study of the incredible East River prison. If you didn't remember Austin McCormick's raid in 1934, you would think Warner Brothers had exaggerated. Actually they tell only the half of it.

B. B. JR.

For people who already know what happened in the world last summer and last fall, "Crisis" (at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse) is a good picture. Herbert Kline and his cameraman made beautiful and often exciting scenes of the life and tragedy of the Czecho-Slovakian people. The strong faces, emotions on trying on gas masks, triumphant celebration of a strong democracy at the Sokol festival in Prague after the May mobilization stopped Hitler, are tragic now for everyone who read the world's headlines last September. Some scenes are heartening, too, declaring a vitality and spirit that even Hitler's stranglehold cannot finally crush. In a children's camp the comedians Voskovec and Werich lead the kids in singing anti-Fascist songs, and you feel the people's strength, now biding its time.

But as a documentary—and for people who need to be told the true story—the film emphasizes irrelevantly events that, though easy to photograph well, slightly unbalance the picture. The impressive Nazi parades and meetings were timed from Germany according to Chamberlain's moves. They met the determined quiet strength of the Czechs. Mr. Kline's sickening scenes of Nazi orations, though satirically handled, don't truly demonstrate this conflict and blur the sequence of events. The best counter is the Sokol festival, with a whole lot more pretty girls than the Nazis ever seem to have on their side, whirling folk dances and a spirit of democratic celebration that comes right across the miles and months. Some of the unphotographed events have to be told about on the soundtrack, and though Vincent Sheean's commentary is good in itself, and well spoken by Leif Erickson, when the pictures aren't there to hold it up it can't do the job alone. The picture doesn't catch the feeling of the people turning out to man the border, willing to fight Germany or the whole world. What did they look like, how did they move, when they heard of the surrender of the fortifications? Where are the men who tore out the steel gun shields rather than let them fall into Nazi hands? We can be truly grateful for what we get, but the whole story's not in it.

J. B.

The Group Theatre's revival of "Awake and Sing" (at the Windsor Theatre) has given the ailing dramatic season a shot in the arm. Clifford Odets' first full-length play has lost none of its terrific impact in the four years since it was first produced. His story of the spiritual and economic problems besetting the Bergers of the Bronx remains the most satisfying expression the theatre has given us of the hopes and fears of two-thirds of a nation. All but three of the original cast are back in the parts they created in 1935, and their work shows increased power and maturity. Special mention should go to Luther Adler, who plays Moe Axelrod with such bitterness, bite and dramatic concussion that his performance becomes one of the high points of the season. Jules Garfield is missed; Albert Ryder lacks the quiet intensity and poignancy his predecessor brought to the part of Ralph, but Julia Adler (another of the famous family in the part Stella Adler created) makes Bessie com-

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The Bandwagon

I remember that we talked of Great Britain, and how strange it was that such a small island governed one-third of the world. I told Stalin I thought the explanation of it was the British character. "Look at the map," I said. "It can't be might; it must be right. It's something in their thinking." – *From an article by Lady Astor in The Saturday Evening Post.*

M. Waldmann (Germany) explains that . . . the German criminal law does not know the idea of revenge. The concentration camps created in Germany are institutions of education and nobody has the right to contest this since honest men declare so. – *From the proceedings of the Eleventh Penal and Penitentiary Congress held in Berlin, August, 1935.*

"Mrs. Roosevelt's resignation?" said Mrs. Titterington [a New York DAR regent]. "Well, she's liable to do anything. But she was coaxed into the organization and a person like that never makes a good member. No one can be a really patriotic American who is superficial." – *From The New York Post.*

If the Coffin Doesn't Fit You, Send It Back

Remember that the National Trademark on a casket is an assurance of quality and value. Added comfort and confidence may be gained from the "Purchaser's Warranty." – *From an advertisement of the National Casket Company, Inc.*

Making Assurance Doubly Sure

Sir Charles said that never for one moment did he believe that any Franco gun or howitzer was installed with any hostile intention towards Gibraltar.

But in view of the range of modern guns, he would certainly like to see the neutral area about Gibraltar extended to 25 miles. – *General Sir Charles Harington, Governor of Gibraltar during the Munich crisis, quoted in The London News-Chronicle.*

Shades of St. Christopher Columbus!

A Modern Miracle. Clasping his St. Christopher medal in his hand, but otherwise unaided (for all the tugs were on strike), Commander Robert Irving of the S.S. "Queen Mary" brought her safely into dock in New York a few months ago. This little episode has enhanced the good saint's popularity, and inspired us to produce this Medallion. For a limited time only we offer you this most unusual and timely Pocket Coin for 9 cents. – *An advertisement from The Evansville, Ind., Press.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

More Townsend Plan Economics

SIR: In your comment on Townsend Plan economics you say, "There is no net stimulus to public purchasing power through taxation and distribution of tax receipts—no matter what the form of tax and spending." I wonder if you agree with the statement of the French economist Aftalion that "There is and can be no accumulation of uninvested loan-capital." Unless you do agree with this statement I do not see how you can take the position that income taxation (and distribution) will not give a net stimulus to public purchasing power. I believe the statement to be wrong. I believe that when the rate of investment is too high we will eventually reach a point at which investment will stop and accumulation of idle money will begin. This point will be the crisis of the business cycle, the beginning of the downward swing. Investors will have a surplus which can be taken by income taxation. Instead of borrowing so much the budget should be more nearly balanced by increased taxes on incomes. Government spending must continue.

The Townsendites promise greatly to increase business activity by putting more money into circulation, but most of the money that they would actually be able to collect by means of their transaction tax is already in circulation.

There is another point that I would like to have the Doctor explain. In 1929 we had about three million unemployed. With many more goods than we have ever had. With fewer people working, how are more goods to be turned out?

The Townsendites counter all arguments by saying, "Tell us a better plan," and it is a proper question. A much better plan would be moderate pensions (from $30 to $50 per month), universal and with no strings attached and financed by increased income and inheritance taxation.

Urbana, Ill. JOHN BARR

[Owners of money capital *can* hoard their surplus in private safes, but not many do so nowadays. If they stop investing, and at the time have a surplus, they usually leave it on deposit in banks. Then the banks may invest or loan it. If, in turn, the banks hoard the cash, taxation may call out investors' surplus that otherwise would not circulate. Such cash hoards are, however, small beside the total volume and fluctuations of bank credit. Any rapid expansion of purchasing power big enough to count is and must be financed by an expansion of bank loans—public or private. Mr. Barr's suggestion is a good one for redistributing income, but not for enlarging the total. – THE EDITORS]

Waiving the Flag

SIR: Under date of January 16, on the letterhead of the United States Flag Association and signed with its name, a certain

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Socialists" maintain camps and newspapers to teach hatred of God and the flag.

The United States Flag Association has entirely legitimate patriotic objectives and its letterhead reads like a roster of distinguished officials of the United States Government, including the President and the Chief Justice, all of whom have some honorary title in connection with the Association.

Only after my third letter and after my calling the matter to the attention of the President, the Chief Justice and others, did I finally hear from Colonel James A. Moss, president general of the Association, that Mr. Mulrine had a contract with his Association to market "flag and other patriotic literature"; that under the contract Mr. Mulrine was to submit all circular letters for approval to headquarters; and that in violation of his contract, he had sent out the letter against which I complained without its being approved by headquarters.

The Colonel added that Mr. Mulrine had been directed to discontinue sending out the letter and that "it is planned to abrogate our contract with him."

The Colonel, however, indignantly refused to inform the indefinite number of people who had received Mr. Mulrine's first letter that its false statements were not approved by the Flag Association and he was angry at my characterization of the Mulrine letter as "polite racketeering," in the effort of an individual to sell something.

It is because I esteem the legitimate purposes of the Flag Association that I wish to call attention to this episode and to seek to put pressure upon it to change procedure so unfair to its alleged purpose and to its sponsors.

New York City NORMAN THOMAS

You Have Seen Their Faces

SIR: I enclose a letter from a friend of mine who has been a social worker in the South for the past five years. I am withholding her name as her position might be jeopardized if it were used.

Highland Park, Ill. DOROTHY WALTON BINDER

[ENCLOSURE]

SIR: Now they're talking about dropping the WPA and substituting direct relief. That will mean a lot of starving people here in the South. What you Yankees know about the situation in the South, and especially in Texas, I cannot guess. But the decrease in acreage, especially for cotton, the increase in tractors and other mechanized methods of cotton-farming, and the tremendously growing displacement of tenants and sharecroppers by landlords are increasing the supply of farm labor while the demand is rapidly decreasing.

As a state, Texas gives no direct relief except old-age assistance (partly federal funds). Some counties with cities in them, notably Houston, give direct relief to unemployables. But I do not know of any county that gives more than emergency aid to employment cases. This sort of aid may be about a dollar a month for staples, such as sugar, salt, coffee. Surplus commodities are the only foodstuffs given, and they are not a balanced diet. They may run all to grapefruit one week and some other *one* thing another week.

The WPA in Texas and in the South as a whole, is the only source of aid for able-bodied workers. Farmers in the South have always depended on some "public work" in their off-seasons to supplement their very meager income. Such work in the past has been building roads, dams, levees. But states and counties have spent little money on such "public work" since the beginning of the depression in 1929. What is more, the South as a whole just hasn't got the financial resources of the three and one-half years. When their money gives out there is nothing at all for these farm workers to turn to.

From every part of Texas are coming rumblings of discontent on the part of farm workers who had hoped to get WPA employment this winter. The destitution among many of them is unimaginable. Southerners, especially Texans, do not easily make their grievances articulate. So far I have not heard of any organized expression of this discontent in Texas, but it would only take a leader to bring it out. The social workers cannot do their regular work because they are trying to explain to farm workers—who went off the WPA to do private work in cotton-picking and so on—why they cannot be reinstated.

The FSA promised to take all farm workers certified to the WPA if they were eligible according to FSA standards. The percentage accepted is almost nil. It is not well understood what FSA standards are. First of all the applicant must find acceptable land and the landlord must waive claims which would make it impossible for the applicant to pay out his loan from FSA. Ability to work with new methods under FSA supervision is another requirement, and sharecroppers as a whole have not had this experience.

Because so many thousands of families are awaiting assignment there is a strong tendency to keep women off the WPA, especially those with dependent children. In Texas, however, as in Mississippi, there is no aid for this class except the WPA. When I was in the Dallas district two weeks ago a woman with children had just killed herself because she was refused assignment to a sewing project. In the East Texas district over 24,000 families were awaiting assignment to the WPA.

Last year in Washington County, Mississippi, the richest county in the state, the average monthly payment for old-age assistance was $3.71. This was higher than the average for the state as a whole. It may have increased since, but not much. The old-age clients in Greenville, the county seat, were sent to a soup kitchen supported by Sunday movie benefits. There they could get soup and bread twice a day and take some home for the other meal if they brought a bucket. Those living in the county outside Greenville got nothing but surplus commodities unless they were Negroes and "white folks" gave them something.

Again and again one hears WPA workers say, "I'm working for the government." What would be the pauperizing effects of giving direct relief instead of work? I'm talking about people who have worked all their lives. Even the women have chopped and hoed and picked cotton with the men, not only at home but in other places. They *want* to work, the trouble is that there isn't enough work, not by a long shot, and the prospects are that private industry will never provide enough work. Certainly that's true down here in the non-industrial South and the chances are that it is true all over the industrial North and Middle West.

But Published in New York

SIR: I should like to point out that "Dahomey," which Malcolm Cowley reviewed in The New Republic of March 8, though printed in Germany was published in New York. It so happens that some three years ago the most recent of the long line of J. J. Augustins that have headed the German printing concern of that name came to the United States. Using the presses of his family establishment, he set up in this country first a branch and now an independent printing and publishing concern, devoting himself to the development of an American market for scientific books which will eventually permit him, as a commercial publisher, to bring out works of this kind in the way that has long been common in Europe but has been held

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Germany, so that the arrangement under which my book was published actually may be said in some small measure to have furthered the rehabilitation of certain of those who have fled from the present Nazi regime.

Evanston, Ill. MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Mr. Dworkin and His Bill

SIR: Your editorial "Bills, Bills, Bills" [in The New Republic, March 1] is out of character for you, as it is neither careful nor sensible.

This is particularly true with regard to Ohio legislator Harry Dworkin, who is a Democrat with a thoroughly progressive philosophy, and not a Republican as you state.

Mr. Dworkin, whom you carelessly upbraid, has introduced a bill to curb the Ohio Board of Censors in its power to bar movies solely on the ground that they are political in content. The legislation has the backing of progressive citizens throughout the state. It was endorsed unanimously by the Cuyahoga County Conference for Progressive Legislation at a meeting of delegates from ninety-two labor and liberal organizations held this month in Cleveland.

The issue of censorship came forcefully to public attention recently with the refusal of the Board to release "Professor Mamlock." Public opinion and the leadership of liberal persons like Mr. Dworkin finally caused the release of the movie.

No one in Ohio views the bill to curb the censorship power of the Board as a cure-all which will abolish the evils of censorship. With its enactment, however, a definite step in that direction will be taken.

Cleveland, O. SANFORD WEISS

[We know that many progressives in Ohio have endorsed Harry Dworkin's bill, believing that it represents an improvement over present censorship conditions in that state. We know, too, that Mr. Dworkin is an able and energetic legislator. Our careful upbraiding was for the bill's apparent failure to recognize that political censorship in the United States is almost always dressed as morality or decency. Our apologies to Mr. Dworkin for calling him a Republican. – THE EDITORS]

Catholic Church Finale

SIR: I am writing you because there are certain comments upon Mr. Shuster's article, "A Catholic Defends His Church" [The New Republic, January 4], which may not be new and which I may not be the only one to offer; but which I strongly feel should appear in your printed correspondence.

Having felt that the series of articles by Mr. Seldes and Mr. Lehmann were timely, I also find myself appreciative of what Mr. Shuster has to say, in the large, and feel it conducive to understanding between liberals in the Catholic fold and elsewhere. In particular, the emphasis upon what Mr. Shuster calls the minority-itis complex of Catholics had something of the value of a new idea or a new approach.

But what I most of all want to say is that Mr. Shuster appears to me to do an important injustice to American public opinion upon a certain issue—something I think he would not willingly do. He speaks of the "great shock" Catholics received in the 1928 presidential campaign, referring without doubt to the anti-Catholic prejudice which became evident and which played a part in Al Smith's failure even to carry the formerly solid South. Mr. Shuster goes on to say: "Prior to 1928 there was abroad among American Catholics a constructive spirit, which found a partial expression in the episcopal statement on social reorganization issued in 1919. Afterward a great change set in, which the observer could almost chart from month to month."

. . . Of course there was religious prejudice and Ku Klux Klan-ism in Smith's defeat. But as one who has his roots in the South, I believe I know that the prohibition issue was almost as prominent as any other factor in that defeat. Smith's wetness was at that time something that had to be "swallowed" among Democrats both of the West and the South. It was the anti-prohibition plank, plus religious prejudice, plus Al Smith's failure to develop any other telling issue in the campaign and a generally falling off of his campaigning abilities when he got away from state issues on which he was at home, that compassed his failure.

Surely the Ku Klux Klan revival culminated three or four years before 1928. In fact before that year it had both lost face without and decayed within. It may be discouraging to Catholics, and others, that in America we have had waves of Know-Nothingism and Ku Kluxism; but there appears to me to be equal encouragement in the fact that so far such movements have been quickly discredited and short-lived on the larger stage.

St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y. SIDNEY S. ROBINS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Alan Gross, Martin Gerel, Harold Seblig, Irving Parnes, Harold Wershow, Walter Hand, Isidore Gershowitz, Thomas Tits, Walter Golman and Spencer Glanz, all students or alumni of the College of the City of New York, write us to criticize Otis Ferguson for saying in The New Republic of February 22 that it was about time the Dead End boys were graduated from reform school and matriculated at CCNY. We don't think Mr. Ferguson really meant to insult City College or connect it with crime, but he seems to be fleeing before the storm; when last heard of—some time ago—he was in Jamaica, and heading south. He'll have his say when he gets back.

Miss Donna Jaques of Baltimore, Maryland, complains that after "They Are About to Die," Bruce Bliven Jr.'s article (January 25) on the impending execution of the five boys from New York's East Side who were found guilty of the murder of a detective, The New Republic failed to print anything about the outcome of the case. Miss Jaques says the Baltimore papers did not cover the story. Three of the five boys were executed as sentenced. The other two, Philip Chaleff and Isidore Zimmerman, had their sentences commuted to life imprisonment. . . . John Marshall of New York City says: "I do not mind reading all shades of opinion—in fact I think it is quite necessary in a democracy—but your John T. Flynn, while seeming to have some of the same ideas, obviously has a personal grudge against F. D. R."

Alice C. Strong of Woodstock, New York, was "surprised and encouraged" by the letter from Walter Wooster, "Troubled Communist" (February 8). "The writer seems reasonable and thoughtful, one whom a liberal might approach with some hope of finding common ground for discussion and possible agreement. . . . If the Communists in the United States . . . will admit even with qualifications the excesses of the Russian regime, it seems as if the two groups have some ground of meeting that will be helpful and beneficial for all."

William Kozlenko, editor of The One Act Play Magazine, 112 West Forty-second Street, New York City, announces a contest being sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union and the magazine. Two prizes of $75 for the winning play and $25 for the next best play on such themes as, for example, defense of freedom of speech, the right of asylum for political refugees, the crime of lynching, religious liberty, etc., will be awarded by the judges' committee of Brooks Atkinson, Sidney Howard, Archibald MacLeish, Elmer Rice and Mr. Kozlenko. The plays must not be shorter than twenty minutes' playing time or longer than one hour. The contest closes April 10.

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Letter from France

As I address this letter to friends abroad I am trying to imagine what the France from which I am writing must mean to them. What is there for them in this despised and adored, in this admired and admirable France? A little old country of little old people; a nation forever invaded or invading; a nation proclaiming great abstract phrases which of a sudden she forgets, to live in silence for as long as half a century, content to produce dresses, jewels, actresses, books; a nation shy, chattering, frightened, bellicose, legalistic, living-on-her-income, nervous, agrarian, decadent, heroic, a stilted and conventional nation given to blasphemies, indecencies and scandals which are first aired and then carefully concealed; a pious nation respectful of her dead, yet known as frivolous and superficial; an academic and solemn nation that has given birth to the most audacious ideas, the freest and most powerful geniuses; a conservative and frightened nation that has shed her blood in the sublimest revolutions of history. I find it hard to realize what people think of her, to imagine the echoes aroused by that word, France. I find it all the harder in that France's deeds have often been at variance with France as she is and as she is thought to be. There is a façade, there are the external actions and proclamations. And then, at some time or place in France, in some ignored little corner, something happens that could have happened nowhere else: some unknown man conceives an extraordinary idea, someone invents and creates. And his inventions and creations, fought over or disapproved as they may be in France herself, must none the less be recognized as eminently French. A great French poet of foreign origin one day made a statement in my presence—a statement that gains all the more significance by reason of its author's dual role as foreigner and French poet: "Germany *is* the Germans; England *is* the English; Norway *is* the Norwegians. But France and the French are not quite the same. France is always something more: she is France."

How often have those in search of France been irritated by the French! The entire history of French culture, of French *expression* during the last hundred years, is nothing but the history of a complete divorce between France and the French. Indeed, those who are entrusted today with defending, explaining and maintaining that culture and that expression have for a long time shown a defiant and rebellious attitude toward their age, society and reality. Any American or Englishman will agree with us that, during the last hundred years, the essence of French culture and genius—everything that marks the inalienable prestige of French consciousness—is to be found in books that have been condemned, in paintings that have been received with boos and jeers. Baudelaire, Flaubert, Manet and Cézanne, now considered as an integral part of France and the French genius, were compelled to do their work and live their tragic lives in a forced solitude, outside the pale of public recognition, in a domain accessible to mind alone and swept by the winds of chance, despair and adventure. "Anywhere out of the world," as Baudelaire once put it.

But in the everyday world—in the world deserted by those destined to express the world—in the French public on? What are the manifestations of its existence? They are great and resounding. There are the newspapers, there is public opinion, there is the confused noise of the crowds that fill the streets of Paris and that the tourist sees on the Champs-Elysées about five o'clock, when well dressed ladies raise their arms in the Fascist salute and sinister individuals sell anti-Semitic papers in front of the cafés. To judge by what is printed in the newspapers or by "what people say," it would seem that all France wants today is to become a sort of Albania or Portugal, to be sold to the highest bidder, the merchants of the City or the pretorian guards of Germany; Hitler and Mussolini are declared to be the saviors.

All this is now being said without exaltation: the frenzy which resembles idealism and is affected by foreign fascisms is not much appreciated here. No, these things are uttered in the grave ritualistic tone of business men or blasé journalists commenting on a release of the Foreign Office: "Well informed sources foresee an appeasement which will undoubtedly serve to hasten the much expected recovery, etc." A serene and hypocritical gullibility seems to have permeated everything. And from time to time a politician energetically bangs his fists on the table or pounds his chest in order to cover some dirty deal. Gradually, almost systematically, Frenchmen are being dehumanized, made incapable of any natural, spontaneous reaction. China, Spain, the Jews in Germany—no response, absolutely nothing. Just as the police, by using advanced technical methods, bring their victims to the point where they can no longer distinguish between truth and absurdity, confessing everything they may be asked to confess, so the alternating use of threats and stupid phrases, of verbal purring and vociferation, has led the French public to proclaim everything it is asked to proclaim: that the Communists and the Pope want war, that M. Flandin is a patriot, and that it would be urgently necessary to hand over both towers of Notre Dame to Hitler should he decide to restore them to the Sudetenland where they justly belong.

Shall we, then, offer, to those who still are in search of France, nothing but the French culture of the past—a culture rejected by France herself, but nevertheless once existent? Shall we, for the last time, offer them our books and paintings, tell them the story of Baudelaire and Flaubert in the police-court, of Manet's Olympia scourged by Napoleon III, of Cézanne booed in the streets of Aix, of Courbet fighting for the Commune of Paris, of Zola undertaking the defense of Dreyfus, of Gauguin dying in Tahiti? All that is ancient history; and we might also speak, as of a legend, of all the strange exploits done by a clear-minded nation, all those epic figures suddenly and inexplicably rising above the normal run of mankind, such figures as Jeanne d'Arc, Robespierre, Saint Just, Napoleon. Perhaps we must speak as of a dead civilization of all that was done by Rabelais, Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Stendhal and Balzac, our moralists, artisans, builders of cathedrals and designers of gardens. There will remain, at least, our good beds and our good cooking!

Yet something else remains too—a subterranean force that is never seen except in sudden resurgence, and that is the true creator of all our history. The foreign traveler does not encounter it; but if, in his role as a man of culture, he

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has faith. I refer to the people. "The people" is no mere phrase; it is the only reality that French culture has at last discovered after its experience with chance, despair and adventure. French expression has passed through a period of escape. Today it is passing through a period of shame. It is not possible to exist "anywhere out of the world." The most devious ways, even the ways whose "pure delight" is to be "wayless," as was said by that most devious and elusive of French geniuses, Stéphane Mallarmé, always lead somewhere. Nothing is gratuitous, the very will for the gratuitous is relative, goes *against* something, relatively to something: yet one must realize this, and once it is realized, act accordingly. During a whole century French culture was given over to despair, not because it liked despair, but through its horror of bourgeois culture. Not from reality as such did it escape, but from bourgeois reality, and from *that* reality alone. Today we know and understand it, and from now on we must fight in the strength of that knowledge. We must fight against the bourgeois reality in alliance with the powerful subterranean force that has risen against it: the proletariat. The French proletariat, the backbone of all that was good, great and beautiful in France, the people here and now. Because of them alone can it be said that, if France and the French are not quite the same, there are at least Frenchmen who are France.

JEAN CASSOU

Books in Review

Uncle Matthew

THIS IS NOT A BIOGRAPHY of Matthew Arnold; it is a history and criticism of his thought.[1] "Whatever biographical matter I have used," Mr. Trilling explains in his preface, "is incidental to my critical purpose." Yet I believe that it would have contributed to the accomplishment of this purpose to have filled in the biographical background a little more completely than he has done. We do not see Arnold quite clearly enough in his habitat; and it seems to me that there are certain personal values which ought to be solidly planted in the picture. The figure of Clough, for example, which contrasts with the figure of Arnold and throws it into relief—since Clough, with perplexities similar to Arnold's, lacks the principle of life which Arnold always possessed. Mr. Trilling indicates their relationship, but he really does not show us Clough—though he is later at some special pains to recreate the Victorian super-crank, Francis Newman. And what about Matthew Arnold's marriage? Mr. Trilling does not tell us a word about his wife—though he speculates about the unknown "Marguerite" of Arnold's early poems. Mrs. Arnold, also, though he is not known to have mentioned her, must count for something in Arnold's work.

Let us add that the summaries of Arnold's poems and essays become occasionally a little dull (anyone who has ever tried it, however, knows how hard it is to make this kind of thing readable); and that the whole book is probably too long, could perhaps have been cut down fifty pages.

But this said, let us hasten to say that Mr. Trilling's study of Arnold is a valuable and most interesting book. Matthew Arnold has stood up remarkably well; he has managed to sail on into our own time when many ships that seemed once to draw more water have gone down with the Victorian age. He was always uncomfortably conscious of being a "modern man," and the curious thing is that he still seems to be one—which one could never say about Tennyson or Browning, Ruskin or Carlyle. He appeared to be less brilliantly gifted than these; his achievements appeared to be slighter; and yet he was not only more intelligent, in some sense he was also more serious. At a time when the more famous of his contemporaries had taken to drugging themselves with rhetoric of the richest and most stupefying kind, Matthew Arnold saw the realities of his time, stated sharply the problems they presented, and would not desist from worrying about them even though he was never able to produce any solution of which the inadequacy was not absurd and patent. If he always remained a little of an amateur, he was able to escape the destiny of allowing himself to be degraded through his very professional competence into a hollow official spokesman like Tennyson or to intoxicate himself with the optimism of the prosperous merchant class like Browning. Matthew Arnold was never able to bring himself to pretend that things were all right. Some of the poems and some of the essays of Arnold still recur as living thoughts to our minds when so many of the works of his fellows have turned into period pieces:

> He looked on Europe's dying hour
> Of fitful dream and feverish power;
> His eye plung'd down the weltering strife,
> The turmoil of expiring life;
> He said—*The end is everywhere:*
> *Art still has truth, take refuge there.*

The probability, however, with most of us is that the curve of Arnold's development and the general structure of his thought have always remained for us rather indistinct. What we have retained from him are the poetic expression of the emotions of bewilderment and conflict, of the melancholy twilight of faith, and a critical temper of mind which unites in an exceptional way fastidiousness with varied appreciation. Even those famous definitions of his which have become passwords of the higher literary commentary, we might find ourselves at a loss to explain.

Mr. Trilling has here told us the whole story and gone to the bottom of all the uncertainties. He justifies our instinctive faith in Arnold and even makes us respect him more. He lays the indispensable foundation for his edifice in a chapter on Thomas Arnold, which provides a needed corrective for the impression left by Lytton Strachey's cari-

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Arnold odious from the point of view of a cosmopolitan morality and ridiculous from the point of view of a Cambridge sophistication; whereas Trilling reveals Thomas Arnold as he figured to the eyes of his own age, not only as a man of electrical energy and able and positive intellect, but, in spite of some grotesque British prejudices, actually—in religion and education at least—rather impressively enlightened and progressive. Mathew Arnold had had really in his father an example both noble and vital. When the dandyism, the romanticism and the apparent frivolity of Matthew's youth gave way before the repetitive didacticism of the schoolmaster and the preacher, it was not the ordinary schoolmaster or preacher that reasserted himself. Thomas Arnold had been somebody, an original doer and thinker: he had created Rugby School; he had been fighting all his life as a publicist to induce the Church of England to do something to elevate the working class. Matthew Arnold had the fortunate tradition of a father who, by virtue of unusual character as well as of public position, had fortified a base of operations somewhat outside the social groupings and who regarded himself as responsible to society as a whole. Matthew, for all his upper-middle-class snobberies—Pearsall Smith has just been telling us about them—did try to fulfill these responsibilities, just as, for all his sometimes comic British provincialisms—his ideas about French poetry, for example—he did, as the son of a schoolmaster who saw the importance of French and German, try to play out his literary role in terms of the great intellectual world.

Mr. Trilling shows how Arnold was driven by the waning of the authority of the Church to want to transfer this authority to a State which should command an allegiance from all classes; yet how, unable in the long run to bring himself to do away with revealed religion, he attempted to formulate for himself a purely philosophical concept of God at the same time that he left to the masses the ritual and creed of the Church; how he came to tend more and more—and even at the time of the Paris Commune—to sympathize with the working classes as against the bourgeoisie; how he visited the United States in the eighties and was divided between a horror of American uncouthness and a satisfaction in our democratic manners; and how he finally went so far as to declare in a lecture on "Equality" before the Royal Institute that "our present social organization," though it had "been an appointed stage in our growth" and "enabled us to do great things," had come to the end of its usefulness, that though "certainly equality will never of itself alone give us a perfect civilization," yet "with such inequality as ours, a perfect civilization is impossible." Mr. Trilling makes the important point that Arnold always tended to see literature and thought in relation to the society which had produced them and which he believed they ought to be called upon to serve, and that his thinking about social phenomena belonged to the same general Hegelian category as that of Marx and Engels in that he saw that there were "dialectical" reverses which altered the values of the past, so that one age's or society's meat might be another age's or society's poison.

Mr. Trilling has thus, if I am not mistaken, written one of the first critical studies of any solidity and scope by an American of his generation. And he has escaped the great minology. Dealing in a thoroughgoing fashion with the esthetic, the philosophical and the social-political aspects of his subject, he is almost entirely free from the jargons of any of these fields. I believe he has been influenced by the fashion in a little neglecting the literary aspect of Arnold as well as the biographical. The reaction against the impressionism of a criticism which was dominated by the example of such writers as James Huneker and Arthur Symons has made the critics of the period since the War tend to scorn what used to be called the "appreciation" in favor of the purely technical or philosophical or sociological treatment of literature; and also to forget that a really first-rate critical study ought to be a work of art.

But if Mr. Trilling has followed this fashion, it is evidently not due to lack of competence. His observations on Arnold's style are admirably phrased as well as just: "The Victorians, with Keats and Tennyson in mind, like to watch for the soft intertwinings of vowels and liquid consonants. But what slips off the tongue may slip easily from the mind, and the soft liquidity could not represent the struggle with the world and the self"; "Arnold breaks into melody only occasionally, but through all his verse runs the grave cadence of the *speaking* voice . . . his very colloquialism . . . is one of Arnold's charms; it is the urbanity of the ancient poets . . . which assumes the presence of a hearer and addresses him—with a resultant intimacy and simplicity of manner that is often very moving"; Arnold's prose is "elegant yet sinewy, colloquial yet reserved, cool yet able to glow into warmth, careful never to flare into heat. It was a style that kept writer and reader at a sufficient distance from each other to allow room between them for the object of their consideration."

In any case, Mr. Trilling's book is a credit both to his generation and to American criticism in general. Even aside from the interest of its subject, it is stimulating as a study of the past which, largely conceived and diligently carried through, provides us with a new and firmer grip on old intellectual experience by subjecting it to the intelligence of the present.

EDMUND WILSON

Stout Fellow

Autobiography of a Cad, by A. G. Macdonell. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

HERE IS the self-portrait of Edward Percival Fox-Ingleby, an Englishman who worms his way to wealth and power by making everyone else a sucker. He starts out as a young aristocrat cramming his tenants into hovels that a horse would shy at; he concludes as Minister of Fine Arts out gunning for "dirty stuff" like "Ulysses" and Anatole France. And his career in the interval exhibits as thorough a heel as Mr. Macdonell's polished venom can produce: Harry Bogen with a monocle, an Oxford accent and a full-grown bank account. It is a career that, presumably, is based on just two rules: with the rich, hang on to their sleeve long enough and you'll wind up with their shirt; with the poor ("incompetents"), don't kick till you're sure they're down.

From his post backstage in politics, Ingleby can conven-

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Irish and save the Empire from the Kremlin; for further details consult your liberal weekly. That he is a caricature rather than a character is no reflection on a book which stands up as efficient satire rather than as fiction. The maneuvers that kept England's upper class busy for twenty years offer Mr. Macdonell an easy target. And there are plenty of direct hits here. MIRIAM BORGENICHT

Isolationism

The New Western Front, by Stuart Chase in collaboration with Marian Tyler. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 196 pages. Cloth $1.50; paper 75 cents.

THIS IS an effervescent book, bubbling with vitality and overflowing with optimism in the ability of the United States to stay out of war. It will be useful as an answer to Mr. Lewis Mumford, even though it otherwise makes no contribution of vital importance to the contemporary debate on American foreign policy.

Mr. Chase's argument runs about as follows: The United States is not the tragic continent of Europe, disrupted by blood feuds and divided into armed camps. We are a great nation of continental proportions, constituting the most important free-trade market in the world. We are possessed (except along the disarmed Canadian frontier) of natural boundaries of unexampled impregnability; we glory in a common language, common institutions, a common historical tradition; we have no minorities which seek geographical or political emancipation. We are virtually self-sufficient in time of peace and might easily be made so in time of war. On the whole, foreign trade is a liability rather than an asset to us. Alone among the great powers we are free from the menace of sudden death for large numbers of people upon the outbreak of war; we shall have time to think before we act. Granted all this, we shall be guilty of criminal stupidity if we allow ourselves to intervene in the chaos of Europe. Neutrality will be expensive, but it will be less expensive than war and will not involve the shedding of American blood (there is something poignant in Mr. Chase's interpolation that he has a son of military age). Our defense against the dictators is the assurance of peace and plenty to our own people. We must immunize ourselves against propaganda—"whenever you see a slogan, duck"—from whatever source. Behind the great natural barrier of the Atlantic we should maintain an adequate military force concerned solely with the defense of the Western Hemisphere.

All of this is pertinent, although it hardly can be called original. It has been said in whole or in part by numerous students of international affairs whose writings are familiar to readers of The New Republic. And, with the exception of the opinions on international trade, it was set forth with eloquence and cogency during the years 1775-1830 by Thomas Paine, John Adams, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, John Quincy Adams and James Monroe; in fact, Hamilton even harbored suspicions of foreign commerce and favored a predominantly national system of political economy. In other words, Mr. Chase's program is a restatement and elaboration of the classical strategy for the United States, laid down by the Fathers

On the other hand, it is possible to take these same facts and come to diametrically opposite conclusions. This is precisely what Mr. Lewis Mumford and others have done. Because of our virtual self-sufficiency and invulnerability, they say, we and only we can safely take the lead against the totalitarian powers. Somewhere between these poles of opinion Americans must take a stand, based as far as possible upon reasoned discussion. This, alas, we seem unable to do even in high places. As so frequently in the past, we procrastinate and improvise and meet issues only as they arise.

In the Farewell Address, Washington and Hamilton said that because of our unique situation in the world we might, with reasonable precautions for defense, "choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel." In fact, we are the only great power with such a choice. But what is our interest? And what is justice? These are the questions which we must answer with realism, not with precedent or with quixotism. Nor is our interest altogether dissociated from our emotions. Is the safety of America concerned with a balance of power in Europe and the Far East? For this and other reasons could we view with indifference the defeat of Britain and France by Germany and Italy or the subjugation of China by Japan? In what respect can we utilize our power without soft-hearted considerations of "leadership"? There are questions which we, including our eminent pamphleteers, have not yet answered. EDWARD MEAD EARLE

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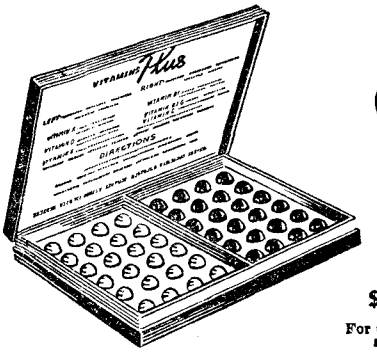

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The Trexler Trilogy

Rope of Gold, by Josephine Herbst. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WITH THE PUBLICATION of this novel it is possible to see much more clearly the purpose and direction of Josephine Herbst's long chronicle of the American middle class. Taken with "Pity Is Not Enough" and "The Executioner Waits," it is said to complete a "trilogy"—that popular but elusive form in which an ambitious novelist is likely to present a difficult theme. As a trilogy, however (if that means an architectonic structure whose meaning, implicit in earlier volumes, achieves full statement in the third), these three novels fail to come off. The two earlier books were impressive fragments and "Rope of Gold" seems fragmentary too; one feels in it the upswing of the arch, not the returning curve; the drive is toward some completer illumination, some vision that is still in suspension. But although the novels point to a fourth, perhaps a fifth, to come, there is now enough in print to show that Miss Herbst's narrative is an extraordinary history of America since 1870. It is history written in terms of "men's feelings . . . the hidden springs of men's actions," to use her own words; a history that expands, moreover, and yet becomes more intense, as it approaches the tragic present.

Against a vividly suggested background of a booming, materialistic America, the earlier novels told the story of the Trexlers. Joe Trexler, handsome and generous, who made a fortune in his early twenties as a carpetbagger in Georgia and then spent his best years in the Bad Lands looking for gold, only to die frustrated and insane at last; Aaron the miser who amassed a small fortune, and David the shrewd business man who became rich during the War by investing in Bethlehem Steel; Catherine who died young and lovely; Hortense and Anne who married unsuccessful men and lived their lives out scraping and scheming to get "advantages" for their children. Then came the War and its ugly aftermath; Wobblies, professional patrioteers, hints of a rising storm; the post-war boom and a rebellious younger generation, with their abortions and shotgun weddings. Firmly, economically, the author managed to paint a significant picture of middle-class America in the destinies of these Trexlers, scattering hopefully from Philadelphia to Seattle in the hunt for success.

"The Executioner Waits" ended on a note of doom, as far as that philosophy of success is concerned. In "Rope of Gold" the center of gravity has shifted. The story (which covers only the period from 1933 to the sitdown strikes in 1936) is still a history of the Trexlers, to a certain extent; many of the same characters appear again, and the dead are poignantly remembered. But Miss Herbst is no longer confining herself to the lower middle class. Much of the book deals with the struggles of desperate farmers and auto workers; journalists, liberals and New York "intellectuals" play their part—or more accurately, perhaps, serve as a chorus for the real actors; and one of the four main characters is a ruthless industrialist who devotes all his energy and intelligence to the struggle against the unionization of auto workers. Thus the novelist is revealed the carrier of the American energy and the American dream, and under the pressure of crisis, society is cut more sharply than ever before into hostile groups that strain bitterly against one another.

The chief characters in "Rope of Gold" reflect this cleavage. Two are familiar to readers of the earlier novels: Victoria, daughter of Anne Trexler, a mature young woman now; and her husband, Jonathan Chance (son of a rich old conservative), who hates his father's business and has thrown himself heart and soul into Party work among the ruined Pennsylvania farmers. The other two are introduced for the first time: Ed Thompson, the auto manufacturer, who is married to Jonathan's sister; and Steve Carson, a Western farm boy who leaves the hopeless horror of the Dust Bowl to become an auto worker. Through the consciousness of these four, for the most part, we participate in the torment and the decisions of those fateful four years. We see the pathos of poverty and ruined farms; the doubt and subtle self-questioning of honest thinkers; the violence that explodes into death on lonely roads; the angry plans of business men to prevent "disorder"; the heroism of Cuban sugar workers; the triumphant solidarity of the sitdown strikers.

In spite of this rich picture of social movement, the novel is not dramatic; it has no powerful, pointed scenes, few moments of suspense, no clash of resolute wills. It is true that people line up on one side or another in the social battle, but the struggle is impersonal. (A fight between a banker and a farmer is never face-to-face.) The conflict bursts into violence in the murder of Tub Johnson by vigilantes, but the killers are anonymous and never seen. The true significance of the event lies in its meaning for the survivors.

But if she is not a dramatist, Miss Herbst is a novelist in the true sense—a creator of "characters," showing her people as typical products of their age and class. Unlike Dos Passos (whom she resembles in scope of material), she succeeds in suggesting very richly something of the inner life of her characters. And although her books are spare and economical, giving comparatively little space to any one character, in many passages she manages to convey a profound feeling of the pity and brevity of life, the pathos of experience, the mystery of time and memory.

"Rope of Gold" surpasses the earlier novels in its quality of compassion and unsentimental clairvoyance. It deepens the importance of her previous work, which had extended our knowledge of the past into the dimensions of sympathy and imagination. All these books tell us what we need to know in the hurry and forgetfulness of our lives—how men and women were feeling and thinking seventy, forty, ten, three years ago. This latest novel presents a chaotic America and the tragic or broken lives that men and women are leading here—presents these things from some central vision clearer, more passionate and more tragic than anything spoken or acted in the narrative. The liberals argue, the reactionaries arm with tear-gas, the farmers struggle along on a shoestring, the auto workers pull the great sitdown, and Jonathan and Victoria drift sadly and inexplicably apart, all under the shadow of some approaching disaster. But toward the end, as Victoria is returning from Cuba, we are given a glimpse of the austere and stoic courage that may be the only virtue with which our age

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In Dreams Beginning

In Dreams Begin Responsibilities, by Delmore Schwartz. Norwalk, Conn.: New Directions. 173 pages. $2.50.

POETRY, to be most effective, must come over on two levels. There is the subconscious or philosophical level for those who can sense or comprehend it (the author himself need not, necessarily), and there is the level of the obvious or directly activized for those who will follow a tale, respond to a rhythm or look at a picture, but who (consciously) are capable of no more. It is because "Hamlet," for example, is written on *both* levels that it remains as popular with the run of theatre-goers as with the scholar-psychologist. Pope's is a good instance of the poetry of the second level. And if this were not Delmore Schwartz's first book we would cite him as an almost perfect practitioner of the first.

For Schwartz—young, versatile and so talented that it is almost safe to say he will be the forerunner of a new trend in modern poetry—is wrestling with philosophical heavyweights. And were it not that he does come out of the clinches in a few individual lyrics and in the playlet, "Dr. Bergen's Belief"—which is his most recent work—one would say that his figure merges almost indistinguishably with those of his various opponents.

Schwartz's most ambitious effort, "Coriolanus and His Mother: The Dream of One Performance," is least successful. Shakespeare's play is used as the framework for an analysis—better, a psychoanalysis—of human personality, its dependence on the social order and its effort to surmount those limitations. Coriolanus is escaping from his own mother, and also from his mother the State. One suspects that Freud and Marx, two of the "spectators" at the performance, are really battling for the author's allegiance. At the moment, Freud has the mastery; which is unfortunate. For unless Schwartz is able to reconcile these two influences his poetry will become more and more steeped in the problems of philosophy, less and less capable of emerging from dialectic, brain-surgery and abstraction *as poetry*.

"Dr. Bergen's Belief" is an experimental one-act play in blank verse. It centers about the crisis in the life of a religious fanatic whose creed includes the very valid effort to make his disciples understand and acknowledge their own motivation. When Dr. Bergen attempts to put his belief to a logical proof which is psychologically unsound, his world collapses and he is forced to seek certainty in another.

Though the form of "Dr. Bergen's Belief" is most fully realized, Schwartz promises to be expert in the short story and lyric as well. The single story, from which the book takes its title, is an exploration of the adolescent's subconscious mind, shown by means of a dream-cinema, in which the child sees his mother and father taking a Coney Island excursion the day of their engagement. The lyrics are often topheavy with ideas. In the play are such lines as

> One hundred times the globe has whirled about
> Carrying her small grave in its turning ground.

Although the lyrics are fresh in style and rich in overtones, they rarely distil such grand simplicity

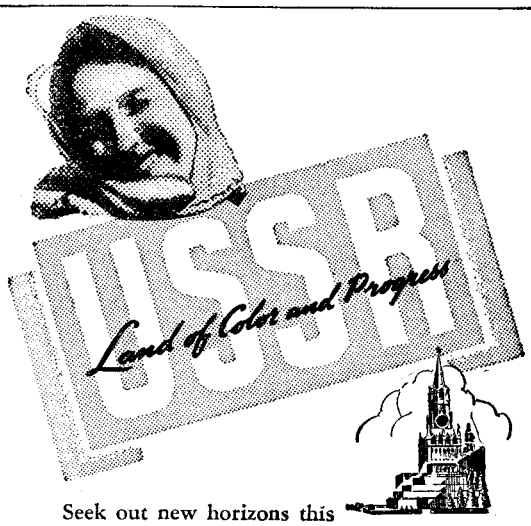
New Books: A Reader's List

THE ILLUSION OF ECONOMIC STABILITY, by Eli Ginzberg (Harpers, $3). The Great Depression examined clinically by a Columbia University economist. Economic stabilization, he says, must remain illusory unless we moderate the rate of growth of new industries, moderate the changes in business expectations, rationalize our monetary system and prevent interference with the mechanism of pricing.

SOCIAL SECURITY IN THE UNITED STATES, by Paul H. Douglas (Whittlesey House, $3.50). A revised edition of the definitive work on the Federal Social Security Act, which brings up to date the actual operation of the act. There is an excellent discussion of how best to utilize the huge reserve created by payroll taxes so as to avoid a deflationary influence during periods of recession.

AMERICA REBORN, by Ralph L. Woods (Longmans, Green, $3). Overcentralization of people and industry in the United States has made for a lopsided economy. The author presents the problem against its whole historical and social setting and offers a practical and progressive program for decentralization. A useful contribution to the literature of economic and social planning.

OUIDA: A Study in Ostentation, by Yvonne ffrench (Appleton-Century, $3). An indulgent but well informed and graceful biography of Victorian England's most popular lady novelist. Ouida's florid romances of "haughty guardsmen and naughty maidens" earned her a fortune, which



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she squandered in Florence emulating the high life of her heroines. The best chapters concern her later years, when she was making vehement attacks on British bigotry and Italian political corruption.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER, Anonymous (Macaulay, $2.50). Another version of the rumor that Hitler is dead, this time poisoned the night before Munich. The book is alleged to be written by his double, the present Führer, who understudied the part for years, and gives the lowdown on Nazi inner circles. For those who can't swallow the story, the publishers suggest it be accepted as symbolic. All right, we accept it as symbolic.

STRAWSTACK, by Dorothy Cameron Disney (Random House, $2). The Maryland estate of a Vermont spinster, rock-ribbed but gold-filled, serves as a magnet for relatives and attendants with social and financial ideas. And so there's crime. Well tailored, well characterized; fans who wish that Mary Roberts Rinehart would write more mysteries will find it their extra dish.

THE LONG LANE, by Phil Stong (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). Family portrait in Iowa, developed with affection and a warm sentimentality. The plot rambles to a comfortable end, based on the premise that the countryside can iron out most people's troubles if they give it time. This is a better job than some of Mr. Stong's recent potboilers; here he does well with all his characters, including the farm.

NORTHERN SUNRISE, by Haakon Mahrt, translated by Barrows Mussey (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50). Even an ordinary love triangle would be impressive against a backdrop of Norway's polar nights and endless snow; and this is better than ordinary to start with. A fast-paced novel, its brooding nicely blended with the startling scenic effects.

Contributors

KINGSLEY MARTIN is the editor of The New Statesman and Nation, to which he contributes a London Diary. He is also the author of "The Magic of Monarchy."

SAMUEL GRAFTON is an editorial writer on The New York Post.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is the author of several volumes of verse, including "Conquistador," which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1932, and two verse plays for the radio, "The Fall of the City" and "Air Raid."

HENRY C. WOLFE is the author of "The German Octopus." He visits Poland and the Baltic region each year, knows Colonel Beck and has made a systematic study of Central European affairs.

JOSEPH HUDNUT is professor of Architecture and Dean of the Faculty of Design at Harvard University. He is the architect of many buildings, an active contributor to various periodicals and the author of a book, "Modern Sculpture."

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, the distinguished Irish poet and playwright, died January 28, 1939. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1923.

JEAN CASSOU is a well known French novelist, the author of "Les Massacres de Paris."

EDMUND WILSON is working on a study of the modern conception of history called "To the Finland Station," sections of which have appeared in The New Republic.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE is a professor in the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey. He is doing research into the history of American foreign relations and recently edited a volume of The Federalist Papers by Hamilton, Madison and Jay.

REBECCA PITTS has contributed to numerous periodicals and is at present working on a book of critical studies.

SELDEN RODMAN, co-editor of Common Sense, is the author of "Lawrence: The Last Crusade" and "Mortal Triumph and Other Poems." His "New Anthology of Modern Poetry" appeared last summer.

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